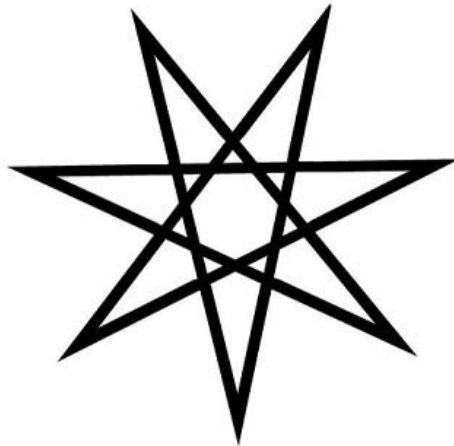




Chao Ab Ordo

Traditional Satanic Ritual:



**At each quarter around you between the elemental directions place a black candle consecrated in your blood and inscribed with the following hebrew characters; and light it.*

תותי

Prepare the Altar in the north. Ensure distractions are minimized. You may play some form of appropriate music if that assists. Enter into a relaxed and focused state. Light each candle as you chant Satan's mantra **SATANAS**. Light the incense and anoint the third eye and heart chakra with oil starting with the third eye. Perform the inverted pentagram sign over your body while repeating mentally; **In Nomini Domini Inferi**, bow before the Altar. Get into your favorite position and take slow deep breaths. Continue with regular breathing pattern and say while inhaling "**Domine**" (*mentally*) and when exhaling say "**Satanas**". You may focus on a specific symbol or image of the Master or simply upon the darkness with your eyes closed. Do this until your mind is quiet and your mind is set on the Master and Him alone.

Take the blackthorn wand in your left hand pointing the wand to the west and draw an inverted heptagram in the air with black fire following its point. (*This serves as a key and gateway for the evil spirits to enter through*)

Kneel towards the same direction with eyes closed and arms wide beside you with your palms facing outwards and recite the following:

Opening of the Gates:

**To summon the sacred fire within, the Black Flame, and uttering the words used by Adam to open the Gates of the Sheol Ha Tehom when he was expelled from Eden*

**ZAZAS ZAZAS NASATANADA ZAZAS
ZAZAS ZAZAS NASATANADA
ZAZAS ZAZAS
ZAZAS
ZAZAS UNOSONO
URSHA UMPESTA ZORIODO UNOSONO
ZAZAS NASATANADA ZAZAS**

Visualize a whirlwind portal opening above your head and thunders on the sky and the

earth opening beneath your feet.

The bell is rung five times in the following directions: **north, east, west, south, north** (To remove all unwanted white light influences and giving the sign in the astral realm for the beginning of the ritual on the material plane and thereby inviting the forces of darkness)

**Cut yourself with the razor and put some blood upon the dagger*

Demon Circle Conjuration:

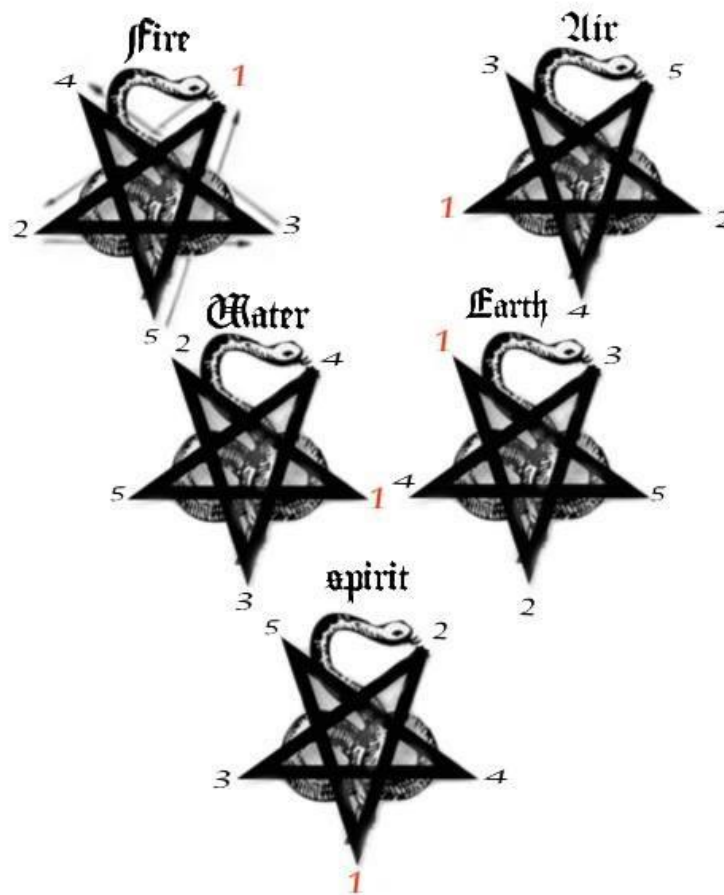
Take the black hilted knife and point it in each direction;

Face the north and with the dagger trace a black invoking pentagram of earth and watch it burn with black flames as you say: **In the name of Satan and by the forces of Gehenna (Hell), I call upon Belial, the adversary of Archangel Uriel!**

Face the east and with the dagger trace a yellow or white invoking pentagram of air and watch it turn black as you say: **In the name of Satan and by the forces of Gehenna (Hell), I call upon Beelzebub (or Asmodeus), the adversary of Archangel Raphael!**

Face the west and with the dagger trace a blue invoking pentagram of water and watch it turn black as you say: **In the name of Satan and by the forces of Gehenna (Hell), I call upon Leviathan, the adversary of Archangel Gabriel!**

Face the south and with the dagger trace a red invoking pentagram of fire and watch it turn black as you: **In the name of Satan and by the forces of Gehenna (Hell), I call upon Lucifer, the adversary of Archangel Michael!**



Invocation of Satan:

Kneel on your left knee and trace a blazing black invoking pentagram of Spirit in front of the altar. Bow your head for the invocation:

SATAN!

Prince of Infinite Darkness!

LUCIFER!

Master of all Rebellious Spirits!

I Invoke thee!

I call upon thine most sacred names!

Outmost Evil Wraith of the Deep!

**May you consecrate this place with thine blessing,
may it shine with Your Infernal presence!**

Ave Satanas!

Ave Luciferi!

Gloria Deo Domino Inferi!

Kiss the blade and return it back on the altar. If outside stab the dagger with blood into the ground. Now cense your circle with incense while walking counter clockwise three times and chant: **“Veni omnipotens aeterne Diabolus”**. Focus on the energies from the other side entering the ritual place.

** Communion with the Prince of Darkness is performed at this time*

Recite the 18th Satanic Enochian Key:

O thou mighty light and burning flame of comfort which unveileth the glory of Satan unto the center of the earth, in whom the great secrets of truth have their abiding that is called in thy kingdom Strength through joy and is not to be measured. Be thou a window of comfort unto me. Move therefore and appear! Open the mysteries of your creation! Be friendly unto me! For I am the servant of the same! The true worshipper of the highest and ineffable King of Hell!

Face the image of Satan and drain the chalice with wine and say: **HOSANNA SATHANA!**

The Ritual Closing:

Raise your left hand in the sign of the horns, right hand pointing downwards with middle and wise finger outstretched and say;

Praise, honour, glory and power be unto Him Who sitteth upon the throne in the kingdom of Hell, Who liveth (reigns) for ever and ever. Nema

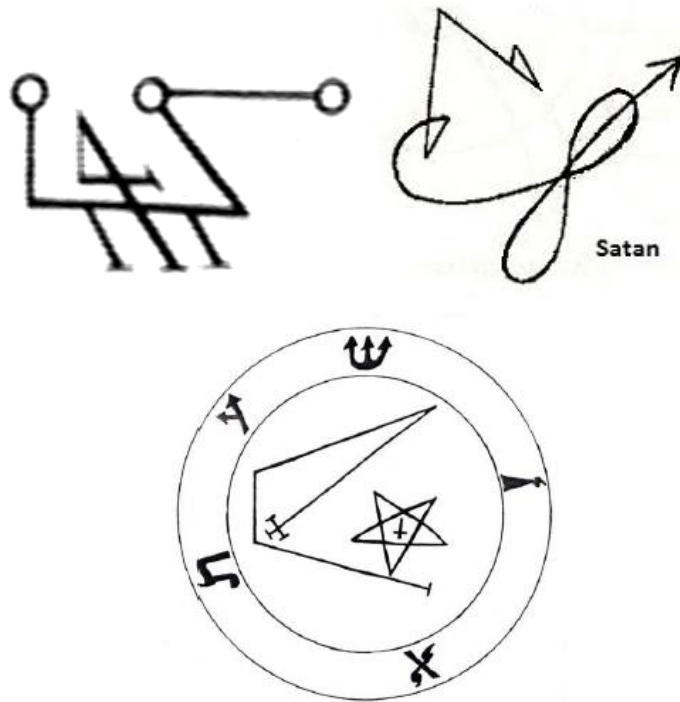
Ring the bell or gong one final time. Perform the inverted pentagram sign over your body again while repeating mentally; **In Nomini Domini Inferi**. Put your left hand in the sign of the horns over your chest, right hand in a fist crossed over it and say mentally; **Amen**. The ritual is now closed. Extinguish the candles and exit the ritual place.

Black Moon Ritual:

NEEDED:

- dagger
 - goat parchment
 - razorblade
 - burning bowl
 - incense (*wormwood and a pinch of Sulphur*)
 - black arts oil
 - cord
 - four black candles
-

On the night of a Black Moon go to a place where human bones are buried like a cemetery, draw an inverted pentagram on the floor and place a black candle at each corner. Have the following symbols drawn on the parchment paper:



Light each candle as you chant Satan's mantra **SATANAS**.

Light the incense and anoint the third eye and heart chakra with oil starting with the third eye.

Cut your left middle finger and make a spiral with blood inside the center of the circle;



Aperi Et Portae Inferni!

Take the blackthorn wand in your left hand pointing the wand to the west and draw an inverted heptagram in the air with black fire following its point. (*This serves as a key and gateway for the evil spirits to enter through*)

Face the direction of the west with eyes closed and chant the following:

**ZAZAS ZAZAS NASATANADA ZAZAS
ZAZAS ZAZAS NASATANADA
ZAZAS ZAZAS
ZAZAS
ZAZAS UNOSONO
URSHA UMPESTA ZORiodo UNOSONO
ZAZAS NASATANADA ZAZAS**

Visualize a whirlwind portal opening above your head and thunders on the sky and the earth opening beneath your feet.

Start to face the direction of the north.

Cut your left middle finger with the razor and smear the blood upon the dagger.

Make the sign of the inverse pentagram before you with the dagger.

Kiss the blade and stab the dagger into the ground.

Put some more incense upon the charcoal, kneel in supplication and chant ancient invocation to conjure Satan from the infernal abyss;

**Bagabi Laca Bachabe
Lamac Cahi Achababe
Karrelyos
Lamac Lamec Bachalyas
Cabahagy Sabalyos
Baryolos
Lagoz Atha Cabyolas
Samahac Et Famyolas
Harrahya!"**

Cense your circle with incense while walking counter clockwise three times and chant: **"Veni omnipotens aeterne Diabolus"**.

Stand with arms wide and say the following:

My God and King Satan! Supreme Ruler of Death, Chaos and Evil! I stand before thee, on this

night of the black moon, so I may offer thee my blood, the blood of the unholy covenant, which I shed again in your majestic name! Ad Majorem Satanae Gloriam!

Cut your left hand with the razorblade and anoint the seals upon the parchment. Hold the parchment with both hands, show it into the four directions in this order: *North, East, West, South*, and in each direction say:

Prince of Darkness to thee I offer my blood!

Fold the parchment in half, hold it in your hands and chant ancient conjuration to yield souls to the Devil:

**Palas aron ozinomas
Baske bano tudan donas
Geheamel cla orlay
Berec hé pantaras tay**

Burn the parchment in the flame of the black candle in the north and put it in the bowl, hold it to the sky and while on your knees say:

Satan, Lord of Hell! With this blood, I reaffirm my pact of allegiance to thee! Thee I shall follow for eternity and to Thee I dedicate forever and irrevocably my body, soul and spirit. In nomini Satanae! Nema!

Take the cord and put it around your waist and chant:

**"Eloi Eloi Lama Sabaththani
Sanctus Diabolous Chavayoth"**

**Eloi Eloi Lamma Sabbathani
Sanctus Diabolous Havayoth!**

Stand with arms wide open again, and shout:

Satan, I belong to Thee and shall be the executor of Thy Will!

Close the Ritual

O Mighty Lord Satan,

I thank thee for allowing me to be blessed by your presence on this unholy night! I swear to thee with my blackened heart and soul that is yours that I shall never neglect nor revoke the vows I have made, for you are the Lord of my destiny, the One whom I offer my endless worship, service and devotion. Hosanna Sathana! Nema!

Bury the ashes inside the ground

Ritual of Blood Sacrifice:

Blood creates a vortex in HELL

NEEDED:

- Black handled dagger
- chalice of wine
- parchment with Satan's sigil
 - Razorblade
 - burning bowl
- incense (*wormwood*)
 - red wine
 - Black Arts oil

Take the blackthorn wand in your left hand pointing the wand to the west and draw an inverted heptagram in the air with black fire following its point. (*This serves as a key and gateway for the evil spirits to enter through*)

Recite this eleven times facing west, slowly, with force; **"ZAZAS, ZAZAS, NASATANADA, ZAZAS"** Ring the bell after each time.

At each corner you vibrate **"Pone, Diabolus, Custodiam"** while tracing the inverted pentagrams.

Anoint yourself with Black Arts oil on the forehead, temples and wrists.

Make the sign of the inverse pentagram of spirit before you in the center of the circle facing north.

Kneel on your left knee and point the dagger in front of you and bow your head for the invocation:

SATAN!
Prince Of Infinite Darkness!
LUCIFER!
Master of all Rebellious Spirits!
I Invoke thee!
I call upon thine most sacred names!
Outmost Evil Wraith of the Deep!
May you consecrate this place with thine blessing,
may it shine with Your Infernal presence!
Ave Satanas!
Ave Luciferi!
Gloria Deo Domino Inferi!

Kiss the blade and return it back on the altar. If outside stab the dagger into the ground.

Cense your circle with incense 3 times as you do this chant the following: **"Veni omnipotens aeterne Diabolus"**.

Cut yourself and place some drops of blood upon the parchment. Pour some oleum into the wine.
Chant the words: **"HOSANNA SATHANA"** slowly and vibrant.

Draw inverted cross on your forehead with the blood.

Burn the parchment in the bowl, hold it to the sky and say this prayer:

Almighty Satan!
King of Death!

Supreme Ruler of Chaos and Evil!
It is to the Honour, Glory and Dominion of thy Name,
which is superior to all Spirits, that I offer up this sacrifice of my blood!
I ask thee to receive my worship and reverence as an acceptable offering.
Ad Majorem Satanae Gloriam! Nema!

Add the ashes of the parchment into the wine. Pour inside a hole in the ground and say:

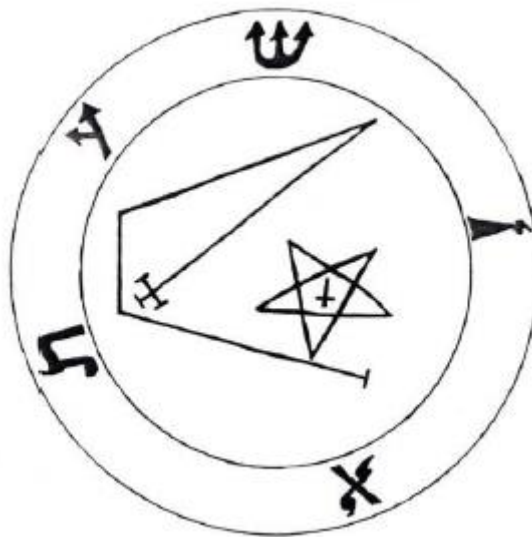
SUSCIPE, DOMINE SATANAS! (Receive, O Lord Satan!)

If you are doing this rite indoors you can close the rite and pour the wine outside saying the same prayer

Close the Ritual:

Thank you, Lord Satan, for answering my call and for blessing me with Your presence. To Thee I am forever devoted in both spirit and flesh. I leave now with thy black flame burning in my soul. Ave Sathanas! Nema!

Ring bell 1 final time



Ritual of Animal Sacrifice:

Blood creates a vortex in hell. Choose an animal of black colour

Best time midnight 12AM - 3:33AM

SATURDAY

GRAVEYARD - ABANDONED CHURCH – WOODS - CAVE

NEEDED:

- Black handled dagger
- chalice of wine
- parchment with Satan's sigil

- burning bowl
- incense (*wormwood*)
- red wine
- Black Arts/Myrrh oil

Take the blackthorn wand in your left hand pointing the wand to the west and draw an inverted heptagram in the air with black fire following its point. (*This serves as a key and gateway for the evil spirits to enter through*)

Recite this eleven times facing west, slowly, with force; **“ZAZAS, ZAZAS, NASATANADA, ZAZAS”** Ring the bell after each time.

At each corner you vibrate **“Pone, Diabolus, Custodiam”** while tracing the inverted pentagrams.

Anoint yourself with Black Arts oil on the forehead, temples and wrists.

Make the sign of the inverse pentagram of spirit before you in the center of the circle facing north.

Kneel on your left knee and point the dagger in front of you and bow your head for the invocation:

SATAN!
Prince Of Infinite Darkness!
LUCIFER!
Master of all Rebellious Spirits!
I Invoke thee!
I call upon thine most sacred names!
Outmost Evil Wraith of the Deep!
May you consecrate this place with thine blessing,
may it shine with Your Infernal presence!
Ave Satanas!
Ave Luciferi!
Gloria Deo Domino Inferi!

Kiss the blade and return it back on the altar. If outside stab the dagger into the ground.

Cense your circle with incense 3 times as you do this chant the following: **“Veni omnipotens aeterne Diabolus”**.

Pour some oleum into the wine. Chant the words: **“HOSANNA SATHANA”** slowly and vibrant.

At the apex of the chant cut the throat of the animal with the sacrificial blade and soak the ground in blood and fill the chalice.

Draw inverted cross on your forehead with the blood.

Now take the remains outside and throw them in the fire to be reduced to ashes.

Almighty Satan!
King of Death!
Supreme Ruler of Chaos and Evil!
It is to the Honour, Glory and Dominion of thy Name,
which is superior to all Spirits, that I spilled the blood of this creature!

**I ask thee to receive my worship and reverence as an acceptable offering.
Ad Majorem Satanae Gloriam! Nema!**

Add the ashes of the remains into the wine. Pour inside a hole in the ground and say:

SUSCIPE, DOMINE SATANAS! (Receive, O Lord Satan!)

If you are doing this rite indoors you can close the rite and pour the wine outside saying the same prayer

Close the Ritual:

Thank you, Lord Satan, for answering my call and for blessing me with Your presence. To Thee I am forever devoted in both spirit and flesh. I leave now with thy black flame burning in my soul. Ave Sathanas! Nema!

Ring bell 1 final time

Satanic Banishing Ritual:

**This is a more extensive and slightly modified version from the one appearing originally in the Goetia Daemonium.*

**The following ritual is to be performed to rid the mind of the Operator from any disturbing and obsessive thoughts implanted by the Demiurge and his Archons, and to purify the aura and space for the manifestation of the chaotic energies and demonic forces upon this plane of existence*

The principal components of the Qabalistic Cross and the LBRP are drawn from the works of French occultist Eliphas Levi. The text originated as a traditional Jewish prayer said before sleeping, as documented by Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch in The Hirsch Siddur [Feldheim Publishing, 1969]. A satanic version would read as follow:

In the name of the Dragon: may Samael be at my left hand, Mahazael on my right, Azazel behind me, Azael before me, and above my head, the presence of Lord SATAN.

1. Stand in the center of your room, facing west, and imagine that you are a towering figure and the earth is a tiny sphere below you. Feel yourself to be the center of the universe.
2. Look deep down into space and imagine a ball of black light ascending above you. See this light descend to the top of your head.
3. Bring both of your hands to your breast and clasp them together and visualize a bright red **broken** Hexagram of Alchemy. Then as if praying; vibrate **LE-OLAHM, NEMA** (lay-oh-lahm, nem-ah), (To the Ages, Nema)
4. Reach up with your left hand (or ritual dagger (Athame) and start to pull the black light further down to your left shoulder. When you do this vibrate the word **VE-GEDULAH** (v'ge-doo-lah), (and the Glory).
5. Now bring the beam of black light with your hand towards your right shoulder. When you do this vibrate **VE-GEBURAH** (v'ge-boo-rah), (and the Power).

6. Then to the genitals and vibrate **MALKUTH** (Mahl-koot [h], (The Kingdom).
7. Up to your forehead, and vibrate **ATAH** (ah-tah), (Unto Thee). You are now standing in the center of a cross of black light that reaches to the ends of the universe.
8. Go to the North, draw a reverse pentagram of earth and vibrate **MAHAZAE!** *Note: the reverse Pentagram of Earth is drawn at all four quarters* (H)
9. To the East, draw a reverse pentagram and vibrate **AZAZEL!** (V)
10. To the west, draw a reverse pentagram and vibrate **AZAE!** (H)
11. To the south, draw a reverse pentagram and vibrate **SAMAE!** (Y)
12. Return to the center of the temple, stand with your eyes closed and arms wide beside you with your palms facing outwards (*Tau cross*) while you visualize the Demons you have invoked. Then say:
- Before me Azael;
 - Behind me Azazel;
 - On my right-hand Mahazael;
 - On my left-hand Samael;
 - For around me flame the Pentagrams,
 - And in the column shines the six-rayed broken star!
13. Make the sign of the horns (*Voor sign*) with your left hand. Make a fist with your right hand. Cross the left hand then the right hand over your chest and vibrate: **ATHAH GIBOR LEOHLAM SATAN!** (Thou art mighty forever Oh Satan)
14. Repeat steps 1-7



15. Raise both your arms and assume the Sign of the Trident (also called 'the Sign of Typhon-Apophis') and vibrate: **CHAO AB ORDO!** (Chaos out of Order)

Protection Ritual:

Take a fresh black candle and inscribe it with the black hilted knife or a pin with the following words; **Satanas me custodit** (*Satan guards me or Satan protects me*)

Satanas me defendit (*Satan defends me*) and an inverted pentagram. Anoint it with myrrh oil. Burn mace incense, light the candle and say; **Veni Satanas, Rex Infernus!** (*Translation: Come Satan, Infernal King!*) Protection prayers;

(As I arise today,)
May the strength of Satan pilot me,
The power of Satan uphold me,
The wisdom of Satan guide me.
May the eye of Satan look before me,
The ear of Satan hear me,
The word of Satan speak for me.
May the hand of Satan protect me,
The way of Satan lie before me,
The shield of Satan defend me,
The host of Hell save me.
Nema!

(May Satan shield me today);
Satan with me, Satan before me,
Satan behind me,
Satan in me, Satan beneath me,
Satan above me,
Satan on my right, Satan on my left,
Satan when I lie down, Satan when I sit,
Satan when I stand,
Satan in the heart of everyone who thinks of me,
Satan in the mouth of everyone who speaks of me,
Satan in every eye that sees me,
Satan in every ear that hears me.
Nema!

A Prayer Before Reading Satanic Scriptures:

Light the black flame and ring the bell 9 times (*as representation of the black flame*).

Our Father, who wert in heaven,
Sacred is your Word.
Your infernal kingdom come,
Your words be heard on earth as they are in Hell.
Give us today your Sacred Word.
let us communicate with your spirit
and abide with us, fill us with you possession.
Lead us towards an encounter with You
each time we delve into the Unholy Scriptures
For your presence, Your Power,
and Your glory
are ever present among us

now and forever.

Nema!

After the prayer ring the bell twice and begin to read the Satanic Scripture(s)

To end the rite say "**by the word of Satan/Lucifer, in the name of my unholy father.**
Nema" then ring bell one final time.

*Read Livri Luciferius chapters until the prophecy of Lucifer then ring bell once, then read it until the Proverbs of Lucifer ring bell once more then finish reading it, and ring the bell once again.

Self Protection Amulet:

Needed:

- A Satan sigil necklace
- Myrrh oil
- Witch Fire (*poisonous herbs, pinch of sulphur, burned with strong alcohol*).
- Razorblade
- Ritual Cup

Bury the necklace of the sigil of Satan in a graveyard under a black moon. After a full month dig up the necklace, bring it to your Altar and invoke Satan.

Take the razorblade and cut your middle finger. Smear the necklace in your blood while you

chant: **Sanctus Draco, Sanctus**

Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt caeli, terra et infernus gloria tua.

Hosanna Sathana

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini Inferi.

Hosanna Sathana

Holy, holy, Dragon

Lorde Devil of Hostes:

heaven, earth and hell are full of thy glory:

Glory to thee, O Sathan (Save us Satan)

Blessed is he that commeth in the name of the Infernal Lorde:

Glory to thee, O Sathan (Save us Satan)

Produce a witch fire in a ritual cup. Take the necklace you want to consecrate in your left hand and pass it through the fire and recite these words: **Consecratus Diabolus!**

Now put some myrrh oil upon the necklace and say: **In the name of Satan, I shall be protected always. Ave Sathanas! Nema!**

Guardian Demon Conjunction:

**Performed at the planetary hour of the Demon in question.*

- Goetia circle & triangle
- Lucifer sigil at the highest point of the triangle, with a yellow (*gold*) candle
 - Lilith sigil inside the triangle with a red taper candle
 - Beelzebub sigil at the right point of the triangle with a black candle
- Astaroth sigil at the left point with a purple candle (*Red candle as Vampire Chaos Demon or the fire element*)
- Offering/Burning bowl
- Incense burner with Demon's incense
- Dagger
- Parchment with Demon sigil inside the triangle
- Stones, herbs and other associations of the Demon inside the triangle

The Triangle Conjunction:

Take the blackthorn wand in your left hand and the thurible in your right hand and then proceed to point it around the lines of the triangle on the floor visualizing black flames activating them and the space within, walking counter clockwise around it while walking and chanting for a total of three times;

Consecratus Diabolus!

Now start to meditate upon the yellow candle of Lucifer and recite THE CONJURATION FOR LUCIFER: **LUCIFER ✕, OUYAR ✕, CHAMERON ✕, ALISEON ✕, MANDOUSIN ✕, PREMY ✕, ORIET ✕, NAYDRUS ✕, ESMONY ✕, EPARINESONT ✕, ESTIOT ✕, DUMOSSON ✕, DANOCHAR ✕, CASMIEL ✕, HAYRAS ✕, FABELLERONTHON ✕, SODIRNO ✕, PEATHAM ✕, Come ✕, LUCIFER ✕. NEMA. Repeat 3 times**

Start to meditate upon the black candle and recite THE CONJURATION FOR BEELZEBUTH: **BEELZEBUTH ✕, LUCIFER ✕, MADILON ✕, SOLYMO ✕, SAROY ✕, THEU ✕, AMECLO ✕, SEGRAEL ✕, PRAREDUN ✕, ADRICANOROM ✕, MARTIRO ✕, TIMO ✕, CAMERON ✕, PHORSY ✕, METOSITE ✕, PRUMOSY ✕, DUMASO ✕, ELIVISA ✕, ALPHROIS ✕, FUBENTRONTY ✕, Come, BEELZEBUTH ✕. NEMA. Repeat 3 times**

Then start to meditate upon the purple candle and recite THE CONJURATION FOR ASTAROTH: **ASTAROTH ✕, ADOR ✕, CAMESO ✕, VALUERITUF ✕, MARESO ✕, LODIR ✕, CADOMIR ✕, ALUIEL ✕, CALNISO ✕, TELY ✕, PLEORIM ✕, VIORDY ✕, CUREVIORBAS ✕, CAMERON ✕, VESTURIEL ✕, VULNAVII ✕, BENEZ ✕, MEUS CALMIRON ✕, NOARD ✕, NISA CHENIBRANBO CALEVODIUM ✕, BRAZO ✕, TABRASOL ✕, Come ✕, ASTAROTH ✕. NEMA. Repeat 3 times**

Meditate upon the red taper candle and recite THE CONJURATION FOR LILITH: **Lilin, Abito, Abizo, Amozrpho, Haqash, Odam, Kephido, Ailo, Tatrota, Abniqta, Shatrina, Kalubtza, Tiltai, Pirtsha. Repeat 3 times**

Finally meditate upon the whole and chant;

**“Palas Aron Ozinomas
Baske Bano Tudan Donas
Geheamel Cla Orlay
Berec Hé Pantaras Tay!”**

(from the 14th century, this formula is used to summon demonic powers. Also helps with the manifesting of demons on the astral or physical plane.)

Start to meditate upon the parchment sigil and recite THE CONJURATION FOR INFERIOR SPIRITS: O SURMY ✕, DELMUSAN ✕, ATALSLOYM ✕, CHARUSIHOA ✕, MELANY ✕, LIAMINTHO ✕, COLEHON ✕, PARON ✕, MADDOIN ✕, MERLOY ✕, BULERATOR ✕, DONMEO ✕, HONE ✕, PELOYM ✕, IBASIL ✕, MEON ✕, ALYMDRICTELS ✕, PERSON ✕, CRISOLSAY ✕, LEMON SEFLE NIDAR HORIEL PEUNT ✕, HALMON ✕, ASOPHIEL ✕, ILNOSTREON ✕, BANIEL ✕, VERMIAS ✕, ESLEVOR ✕, NOELMA ✕, DORSAMOT ✕, LHAVALA ✕, OMOT ✕, FRANGAM ✕, BELDOR ✕, DRAGIN ✕, Come ✕. *(Name of the Demon)*

Cut yourself with the knife and drip blood upon the parchment.
Burn the parchment in your offering bowl.

Recite the following words:

Daemon qui meus es custos, me tibi commissum serva, defende, gubernare

(Demon who are my guardian, keep me who has been entrusted to you, defend me and rule me)

You may now wish to meditate more on the Demon.

Dispose of the ashes outdoors as an offering.

Written by Frater Maleficus XIII



Patrick Geoffrois (Prithu Putra Swami) wearing a hood and other demonic garb while doing black magic. [/[media-credit](#)]

The Iskcon GBC and its Satanic Past

To: Padmagarbha <padmagarbha.das@gmail.com>

Date: Wed, Feb 14, 2018

Subject: Some Research Ive been digging up regarding **GBC and its Satanic Past**.
(*VERY important/Comprehensive*)

Hare Krishna Kamsahanta Prabhu,
please accept my obeisances, all glories to Srila Prabhupada!

Somehow or other I havent heard from you in a while, you said you were going to call a while back but you must have forgotten. The only way i can take calls is if i know you are going to call on a certain day, i will wait with my phone in hand so that I do not miss your call.

In any case, **I have been reading a bit and compiling some information on Malati (Melani Nagel), her ex husband Patrick Geoffrois (Prithu Putra, ex swami)** In this letter there is compiled information by myself and another devotee who wishes to remain anonymous.

This is a news article of a murder in New York. the guy on the right is Malati's husband, Prithu Putra das (ex swami), who ran a satan worship cult among drug addicts in the lower east side he was the guru of the satan worshipers there, and they killed some people in rituals and fed the meat to the homeless in soup this same satan worshipping guy (Patrick Geoffrois) was with Prabhupada in the last two years as part of his entourage.

Here is a letter in folio that confirms it:

Letter to: Shri Kulabidhusingh – March 5, 1976 "The following is the complete list of devotees who will be coming and you can kindly disregard all previous lists of names which have been previously cited:" "Name Passport A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami (Indian - K001044) Gopal Khanna (Canadian - RX 176156) Milan Kumar Talukdar (Indian - J780145) Paul Howard Dossick (U.S.A. - Z 2269551) Denis Harrison (U.K. - P 606464) Nityananda Das (Indian - no passport). Patrick Geoffrois (French - 149/72).

DEVIL'S ADVOCATES

The Cops and the Tabs Concoct a Lower East Side Cult



Patrick Geoffrois: "If this goes on . . . The Lower East Side will become a battlefield of good and evil."

By Sarah Ferguson

Allegations that a crazed cult of devil-worshippers committed the gruesome 1989 slaying and dismemberment of Swiss dancer Monika Beerle have cast the shadow of Satanism over the East Village—and raised questions about the role of killer Daniel Rakowitz.

Rakowitz, who first confessed to

sumably as evidence that Geoffrois had engaged in similarly sinister rituals in the past.

In fact, the tapes show Geoffrois in a hooded robe conducting a marriage ceremony according to black-magic rites. And while Geoffrois does admit to having a "tribe" of followers, he insists his anarchist brand of "magick" has nothing to do with devil worship

believes can liberate mankind.

In associating the Church with psychedelics, *Newsday* conflated Cesar's operation with the Temple of the True Inner Light, a storefront on East 9th Street inhabited by a harmless crew of acid heads who worship hallucinogens. Temple members hold that the body and spirit of God exists in the chemical makeup of LSD and oth-

talking as if he was going to kill her," recalls Cesar. "He said, 'Everyone will know I'm no joke; they'll know I can take care of her.' I patted him on the head and told him, 'You should only kill what you eat'—advice that, ironically, Rakowitz had perhaps already followed.

There's no doubt that Beerle's

flesh, in a cross over her chest. There was no flesh on her thighs, and the fingers and toes were "arranged like in a pile below the sawed-off kneecaps."

Although detectives aren't talking, it's clear they got the cult angle from Rakowitz's own videotaped confession. Rakowitz told police that he had accidentally killed Beerle by punching her in the throat during a fight over who had rights to the apartment. He then "dissected" her because he didn't want to go to prison. Asked how he learned to chop up a human body, he told detectives that he did "what all my friends advised me to do. . . . I done exactly their procedures. They're involved in a special religion. They do a lot of weird things like that."

Rakowitz also spoke of people involved with "Satanism" who sacrifice their infants, and mentioned a group in Texas who used human flesh to fertilize marijuana plants.

At the time of his trial, police seemed to assume that Rakowitz's "friends" were imaginary—which according to Geoffrois is quite possible. Geoffrois speculates that Daniel's fascination with Satanism derives from the time he spent traveling with a group of born-again Christians who talked incessantly about "warring with the devil." In fact, Geoffrois says, Rakowitz once told him that to be a good Christian "you should be ready to commit sacrifice for God, like Abraham."

In the wake of the Easterday arrest, the media have also sought to connect the putative cult to the overdose death of sometime movie actor and *Vogue* contributor Max Cantor—who'd been writing a book about Beerle's slaying—and to the August murder of drifter Charles Schober, Schober, who was last seen traveling with Easterday, was found shot in the head in an Ohio cornfield. Friends of Rakowitz's, Schober, and Easterday had been living in an East 9th Street squat at the time of Beerle's murder; both men left town soon afterward, avoiding questioning.

11

METRO

[Part II of newspaper article here](#)

Also there was a devotee witness who said Prithu Putra Swami was in Vrindavan when Prabhupada passed away, and then as soon as it was over he came back to france, disconnected form ISKCON **and then went back to his old ways of Satan worship.** [see below]

It appears to me he becomes a prime suspect, or at least an accomplice in the poisoning of Prabhupada. How can a Satan worshipper have gotten so close to the inside circle of

Prabhupada's group. and then he mysteriously disappears just days after Prabhupada leaves his body and he instantly goes back to Satan worship as though he was never a part of iskcon.

Here is a picture of him in his Satanic robes.... [\[Photo here\]](#) (note he was just with Prabhupada when he passed...then immediately went back to [his satanic robes](#))



Patrick Geoffrois (Prithu Putra Swami)

This is the woman he had murdered, and chopped her up into soup to feed to homeless people-

Cult Killed Village Dancer

1 Member Arrested;
Cops Seek Others



Monika Beerle, killed in August, 1989

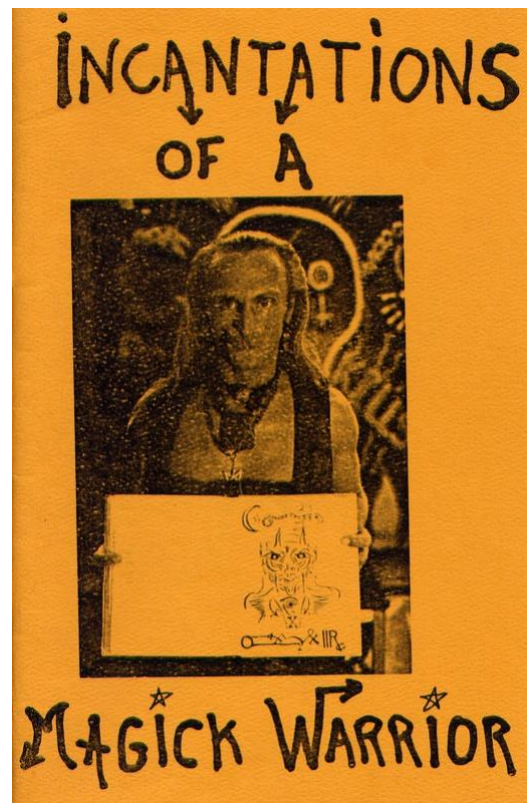
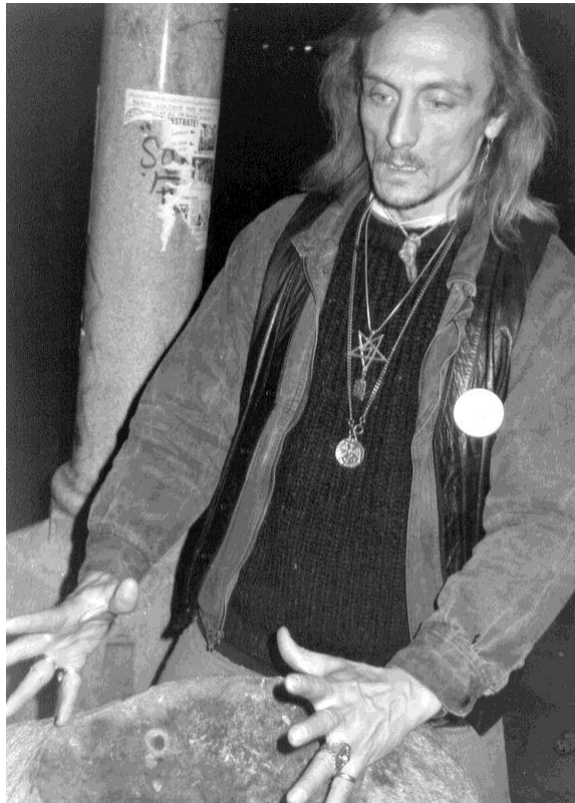
Story on Page 3

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[Girl killed in satanic rituals and the meat fed to the homeless in soup](#)

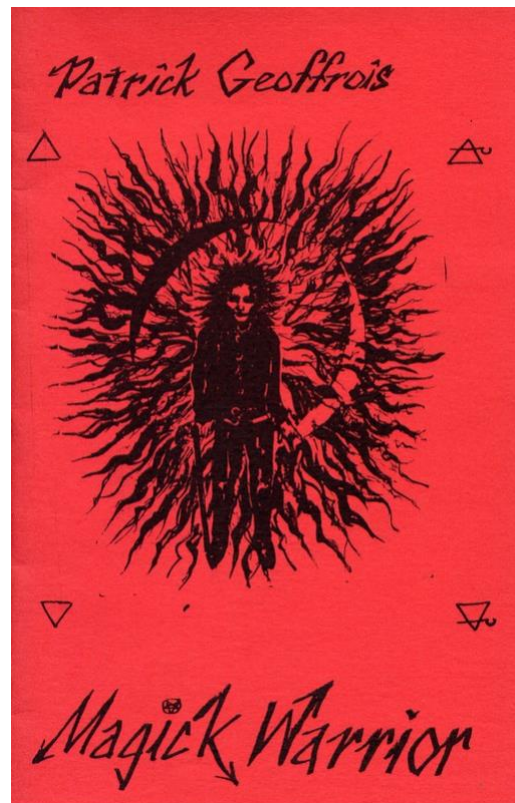
All this time when he is **running this satan cult and murdering people**, **Malati is his wife and together in this satan worship** then I stumbled upon an archive of his satan worship manual: <http://pissierarchives.canalblog.com/archives/2007/06/29/5460851.html> -

[Patrick Geoffrois \[Prithu-Putra Swami\], NYC, circa 1988.](#)





INCANTATIONS OF A
[MAGICK WARRIOR, Vol. I,](#)



INCANTATIONS OF A
[MAGICK WARRIOR, Vol. II,](#)

Patrick Geoffrois, [Prithu Putra] Electric Press, New-York/Paris, 1987
[INCANTATIONS OF A MAGICK WARRIOR Début des années 90.](#)

- and inside the booklet it credits Malati as the artist -

About the Author

Patrick Guiffre was born in Paris. He is a cofounding member of Electric Press, which was formed in his native city in 1969 to facilitate the publication of the poetry, prose and recordings of an avant garde group of writers and musicians. Having gained a measure of public acclaim and recognition through Electric Press, Patrick was invited to contribute several poems to *Parlons à l'écho des CLJ*, a collaborative volume of poetry, published by Jean-Jacques Pauvert, that also included works by Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs. His writings are also featured in an edition of *Opus*, a French literary review. In addition, he formed along with several members of Electric Press the rock band, *Mohogany Brain*, which recorded three albums on the French label, *Futura*.

Shortly thereafter, Patrick withdrew from the public eye and began many years of extensive travel. During that time, he represented *Iscon Press* (USA, Europe, Asia) at the 1977 International Book Fair in Moscow. He lived alternately between Europe and India, where he began organizing short seminars and lectures including *Cairo University*.

In 1978, he arrived in New York City and resumed his musical interests. He played and toured with *James Chance* and the *Contortions*, and briefly played with the *Warhol* backed band of *Walter Steadman*. Patrick currently resides in Manhattan where he is working on a forthcoming book of non fiction stories.

His interests, which have always focused on the studies and practice of *Greater Magick*, are reflected in his writings and music.

Acknowledgements:

Illustrations by the hand of *Chris Stein* and *Melanie Nagel*.



Illustrations by Melanie Nagel, who is non other than Malati Dasi!

Multiple editions of the satan worship manual credit **Melanie Nagel** [**Malati Dasi**] as the artist.

They will try to say she left in the 80's, but here is a letter from him (**Patrick/Prithu Putra Swami**) where he gives the return address including **Melanie Nagel's name in 1993** **so they were together even as late as 1993 doing satan worship**

ELECTRIC PRESS
c/o Nagel-Geoffrois
306 East 11th Street
Suite 1-D
New York City 10003

New York City
Jan. 11. 1993

(212) 529-5812

Dear Philippe

Quelle surprise recevoir ta traduction de MAGICK! C'est très important, tant d'autres choses doit être aussi publiées.

Durant ces 3 dernières années, tu as peut être entendu parler, je me suis trouvé au cœur d'un conflit de sorcierie, making moon child to be almost kid's stuff! (1)

Je t'envoie quelques copies des journaux NY Post, tu vas apprécier la couverture du "New York Newsday", en première page avec George Bush who is the DEVIL!

Anyway tout cela a été très dur pour moi ils ont tout essayé pour m'accuser d'être le CHARLES MANSON des années 90 c'était délirant j'étais partout à la télé les journaux comme étant le grand prêtre d'un culte SATANIQUE!

Mais ils ont trouvé aucune preuve et voilà bien que je sois encore sous surveillance je n'ai même pas passé 1 jour en taule!

Mais il y a bien sûr pas de fumée sans feu, nous sommes un groupe très fort en liaison avec les forces primaires des dimensions nécromantiques... Ci-joint une photo qui a été prise durant la préparation d'un Rituel très particulier au sujet de la manifestation d'UMWAWA et PAZUZU.

Anyway peut être allons nous pouvoir rétablir une correspondance nécessaire et continue, je t'envoie aussi une incantation inédite plus la dernière édition du Guerrier de MAGICK (2).

WILL : 93
LOVE

A bientôt,

PATRICK.

NOTES : (1) Patrick fait ici référence à un roman de Crowley, "MOONCHILD", narrant des aventures magiques totalement délirantes. ... "to be almost kid's stuff" : il laisse entendre qu'à côté de ses embrouilles ce que raconte "MOONCHILD" n'est qu'enfantillages. (2) Il s'agit d'un recueil de poèmes intitulé "Incantations of a Magick Warrior", dont une traduction paraîtra sous le titre "Incantations d'un Guerrier Magique" dans le n°4 de la revue "BLOCKHAUS" (c/o Ghemma Quiroga / 40 rue Durantin / 75018 PARIS). La traduction de l'"incantation inédite" suit.

And when you search the phone number or address that they used at the time, you can see a list of past tenants, one of whom is Melanie Nagel, and if you click her name it shows her present address which is New Vrindavan.

So what this all tells us is that Malati was doing Satan Worship along with Prithu Putra even as late as 1993 just a short time before being reinstated in ISKCON as a GBC. How do you go from satan worship, human sacrifice, etc., to immediately being appointed as a leader of ISKCON???

There is one more suspicious thing about Prabhupada's departure: **Adi Keshava Swami was the son of a CIA officer**--- Adi Keshava Swami was put in charge of getting Prabhupada's "medicine" in the final days. He was having the ayurvedic medicine made by a person named

Chandra Swami, who today is infamous as a criminal, arms smuggler, tantric, "godman", etc. **He was put in jail at some point**, and was previously an advisor to various prime ministers of India. **He was also accused in the assassination of Rajeev Gandhi**, former prime minister of India. So how does Adi Keshava Swami, son of a CIA officer, have connections with this godman Chandra Swami, who was a big shot even at that time, advising prime ministers and politicians? Is it possible for some random american to show up in India and have contacts with famous people?

Adi Keshava Swami was having Prabhupada's medicine made by a person who has now been accused in the assassination of Rajeev Gandhi. Doesn't that seem just a tad bit strange?

Also this Chandra Swami was just 26 years old when Prabhupada died. How is a 26 year old a master of Ayurvedic medicine? Why would they go to this person instead of an aged ayurvedic doctor who has had a life time of experience in treating diseases?

Here is an article on the recent passing away of Chandra Swami:

<https://www.hindustantimes.com/india-news/chandraswami-the-godman-mired-in-controversy-is-dead/story-gfFWyRJn84L8jrGX68BBSN.html>



www.hindustantimes.com: [Chandraswami, the godman mired in controversy, is dead ...](https://www.hindustantimes.com/india-news/chandraswami-the-godman-mired-in-controversy-is-dead/story-gfFWyRJn84L8jrGX68BBSN.html)

Controversial godman Chandraswami — said to be a close friend of then Prime Minister PV Narasimha Rao and allegedly involved in the assassination of former Prime ..

Here is from Vedabase **Prabhupada speaking of this Chandra Swami**, who would later be used to make his medicine in the last days

Girirāja: No, another one. Not Sukla. And this Sharma is saying that he has personal experience that this is a bona fide movement and that the American public in general may not know, but A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami is one of the renowned writers of translations of Vedic translations and commentaries of Vedic literature. [break] And then Ādi-Keśava Mahārāja is going with a swami? Chandra Swami, some Indian swami in America. He's going with Ādi-Keśava Mahārāja to meet the new President of the United States on January 27th.

Prabhupāda: He's going to see?

Girirāja: Yes, Jimmy Carter. On January 20th he will become the next President. So Ādi-Keśava Mahārāja and this one Indian sannyāsī, they are going to make a representation to the new President.

Prabhupāda: Who is that Indian swami?

Śrutaśrava: His name is Chandra Swami.

Prabhupāda: Chandra Swami? So why...?

Guest (4): He's a young man.

Prabhupāda: He must be Māyāvādī. He's taking advantage of this. He's a Māyāvādī.

Guest (4): He's a man who is following Tantric.

Prabhupāda: So what is this nonsense. This should not be... He should not accompany. He's taking advantage of it.

Guest (4): He's also directly associated with the Prime Minister, this young man. Chandra Swami.

Adi Keshava was taking this Chandra Swami on a tour to the US back in 1976. How is it possible? Where did they get the money from? Imagine back then when ISKCON was just starting out, who could imagine they would take some Swami on a tour of the United States. And he appears to have been the only māyāvādī Swami to ever have been given a free tour of the united states by an ISKCON swami. Looks like they took him to the CIA for plotting to poison Prabhupāda.

And look at this connection of Chandra Swami:

"Chandra Swami faced charges of repeated violation of the Foreign Exchange Regulation Act. An income-tax raid on his ashram is reported to have uncovered original drafts of payments to Adnan Khashoggi of \$11 million. Khashoggi was allegedly involved in the "Iran-Contra affair" as a key middleman in the arms-for-hostages exchange along with Iranian arms dealer Manucher Ghorbanifar.

The "Iran-Contra affair" was a political scandal in the US during the second term of Ronald Reagan as President. Senior Reagan Administration officials had secretly facilitated the sale of arms to Iran, which was the subject of an arms embargo."

There is no way he isn't CIA if he is getting payments from someone the CIA used in the Iran Contra affair. Rather it appears he was paying money to Adnan Khashoggi, but principle is same. Why would he be having financial transactions with a CIA middleman? Now look back at Adikeshava Swami, son of a CIA officer, taking Chandra Swami for a tour to the USA in 1976. It all makes sense that they were all in the CIA. And this CIA asset was then commissioned to make the "Ayurvedic medicine" for Prabhupāda to take in the final days.

Now read this conversation about the medicine made by Chandra Swami in 1977, keeping in mind the background and their connections to the CIA

Bhavānanda: Yes. (devotees chant japa) [break] Śrīla Prabhupāda? Śatadhanya Mahārāja has come.

Śatadhanya: I have brought the makara-dhvaja from the kavirāja in Delhi. This kavirāja, he's not Rāmānuja-sampradāya, but many people say in Delhi that he's the foremost kavirāja in India. He treats the Prime Minister, Morarji Desai, and all the ministers also. So many people trusted him, and he mixed this medicine... He was mixing it for some other person, but when

he heard that you were ill, he gave it to us.

Bhavānanda: What kind of makara-dhvaja?

Śatadhanya: There's different kinds of makara-dhvaja, six kinds. This is the most potent kind. This is called siddha makara-dhvaja. This contains gold and pearl and musk and mica and many other ingredients.

Bhavānanda: And what are the other ingredients you have to take it with?

Śatadhanya: You can take it with either honey or milk. But he recommended that for Prabhupāda's particular condition he take it with honey.

Prabhupāda: That's all right. What did he charge?

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: What did he charge?

Śatadhanya: Nothing. We got it for free because we got it through one influential man named Chandra Swami.

Prabhupāda: Oh.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Oh, Chandra Swami. That's that person Ādi-keSava was always working with.

Prabhupāda: That means he's honest. That's all.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: You met Chandra Swami?

Śatadhanya: No, he's in Madras. This is forty-eight doses, two doses a day. That means this is twenty-four days' medicine makara-dhvaja. Two doses per day.

Prabhupāda: So do it carefully. Tamāla?

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Yes, Srīla Prabhupāda.

Prabhupāda: You take care.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: All right. I'll keep it locked up.

Prabhupāda: They charged nothing. Then he is honest.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Did he say what the charge would normally have been?

Śatadhanya: No. But he did say that what the other kavirājas said about dosage was very wrong, and that if that dose was taken it would have been detrimental.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Which dose?

Śatadhanya: One tolā. He said that's not sane.

Bhavānanda: Did he say anything about length of time involved for the efficacy of the medicine?

Śatadhanya: No. He just said it's very powerful medicine.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: What time should it be taken? Morning and night?

Śatadhanya: Morning and evening.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Any particular time in the morning?

Śatadhanya: No.

Bhavānanda: Srīla Prabhupāda, would you like to take some now?

Prabhupāda: Yes. Why not? Huh? Tamāla?

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Yes.

Prabhupāda: Simply with honey.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Is it in the form of powder? So it's mixed...

Śatadhanya: It's already mixed and separated into separate doses.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: And it's put in a spoon of honey?

Śatadhanya: It's mixed with honey.

Bhavānanda: About ten drops of honey.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: It's already with honey?

Śatadhanya: No, you have to mix it with honey.

Bhavānanda: How much honey?

Śatadhanya: He said just some honey.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Just so it becomes palatable.

Bhavānanda: So Bhakti-caru Mahārāja will take charge of mixing that?

Prabhupāda: Where he is?

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Bhakti-caru? He's here.

Prabhupāda: (Bengali)

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: I'll keep it locked in the almirah, and I will give one dose at a time to Bhakti-caru.

Prabhupāda: Yes.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: And he will mix it with honey and give to you.

Prabhupāda: Yes.

Bhavānanda: Very good. So let's mix a little...

Prabhupāda: What is date today?

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Today is the 25th. It's an inauspicious day. So it's the proper day to begin taking it.

Prabhupāda: So let us begin tomorrow morning.

Tamāla Kṛṣṇa: Begin tomorrow morning, on an auspicious day.

Prabhupāda: Ha.

Bhavānanda: Of course, you... Śrīla Prabhupāda, you've said when an auspicious thing comes along, it's best to act on it immediately. However, if you feel that you want to start in the morning...

Prabhupāda: You decide.

Trivikrama: You should take it now.

Pañca-draviḍa: Yes.

Prabhupāda: All right.

Pañca-draviḍa: If something's auspicious, why wait for tomorrow?

So the medicine is given free from Chandra Swami, and carried by Satadhanya. Look up the background of Satadhanya.

In Iskcon there is a tendency for devotees to make careers out of their presence with Prabhupada in the final days, some writing half a dozen books on it, using that link for their fame and prestige and maintenance... and thereby get a lot of respect and position in ISKCON.

So when you find someone who was very intimately involved in the procurement of Prabhupada's medicine, but they hide the fact that they were with Prabhupada in the last days and conceal their involvement - that tells us they want to remain inconspicuous for a reason.

After Srila Prabhupada's departure, **Adi Keshava Swami disappeared from the face of the earth, never to be heard of in ISKCON again.**

Satadhanya was made the official lawyer of ISKCON in India and has been protected in Mayapur for the last 40+ years despite a lot of things.

[Satadhanya](#), [Bhavananda](#) and [Nitai Chand](#) were three homosexual child molesters in Mayapur. They were protected for 40 years, one kid was raped so bad by Satadhanya that he had to have his anus stitched in the hospital.

Yet no one was ever charged with a crime and they were kept on Iskcon payroll for 40 years. Why doesn't he mention he was with Prabhupada in the last months when he was the one bringing the medicine and helping to "care for Prabhupada"?

The only reason a devotee would not tell everyone how close he was to Prabhupada and how he was with Prabhupada helping him, is if he didn't want it to be known because he knew there was a crime involved.

Who is Prithu Putra Swami? And Malati dd?

Prithu Putra is **Patrick Geoffroy** [Geoffrois] and **Malati** is **Melanie Nagel** (a lesbian)

Malati dasi's karmi name is **Melanie Nagel** (a lesbian), and her satanic boyfriend is **Patrick Geoffrois**, spiritual name **Prithu-putra**

ISKCON GBC member, Malati and her ex-swami friend, Prithu Putra Swami where beating Krishna-kirtana dasi in front of Notre Dama Cathedral on Christmas Eve, because Krishna-kirtana dasi was distributing Srila Prabhupada's books.

Mar 03, 2012 — [VRINDAVAN DHAM, INDIA \(SUN\)](#) —

Wasn't Patrick Geoffroy [Geoffrois] the most infamous Prithu putra, **former sannyasa** and rogue in France in the late 1970's and beginning 80's? I remember Malati and him attacking us in front of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris during our Christmas marathon, while we were distributing Srila Prabhupada's books. They beat us and stole all the money collection belonging to Srila Prabhupada, right in front of the people coming out of the Cathedral on that Christmas night. **Big nightmare!**

And when I saw her on the GBC, I realized you were right from the very beginning! The big gang club, the old boys and now girls! Such a shame! **I felt like vomiting ISKCON!**

I left the GBC authority behind and started exposing the impostors on the Net too, and around. We are now proceeding safely at Srila Prabhupada's lotus feet, from outside the GBC circle of influence! Thanks to all those who helped us, after having been kicked out of our local temple, where we had been serving steadily for more than 15 years, go back to University, get our degree, teach in French National Education, retire with a pension and gradually move to Vrindavan Dhama to end up our drama in good company at least, by the end of our life.

We thank you for being our real "watch dog" in Srila Prabhupada's Movement :) Thanks again for your determination in revealing the truth, no matter how unpleasant and shameful it may be.

Your servant,
Krishna-kirtana dasi

Pada: Malati (Melanie Nagel), a woman who had problems with lesbianism, and running off to have affairs with swamis like Prithu putra, also was made a big leader in the ex-Kirtanananda regime. Prithu Putra told his friend in France that Srila Prabhupada had been poisoned, and he knew who the culprits were. Prithu Putra and Malati left ISKCON together, (and got married) so its assumed he must have told Malati who did it. **How come Malati is now a GBC-member, sitting in the seat of the GBC body?**

<http://krishna1008.blogspot.de/2012/06/srila-prabhupada-poisoning-confirmation.html>

Comment: *Prithu Putra* (Patrick Geoffroy) was the 1st French Isk'Con Sannyasi. He left KC some time after Srila Prabhupada's disappearance and **reassumed the lifestyle he led before he joined** - sex, drugs rock' n' roll and satanic worship. Some years later he contracted AIDS. As the disease progressed he ended up in hospital, and as it progressed further he was hooked on the machines which kept him alive. During his last days he was in coma and eventually died.

From: The Villager: **Both Patrick and Melanie were H.I.V. positive.** Melanie got down to around 80 pounds. She died in the hospital, but as one of the only modern miracles I know of, she came back to life. She recovered and once again became an active member of the Krishna movement. Patrick knew he was dying and played up being the Magick Warrior to the max. She and Patrick split. She lived and Patrick died.

Please also see:

<http://thevillager.com/2012/03/01/cops-were-spellbound-by-idea-of-magician-as-killer/>

http://patterson.no-art.info/writings/2012-03-01_patrick-geoffrois.html

INCANTATIONS OF A MAGICK WARRIOR

PATRICK GEOFFROIS – INCANTATIONS D’UN GUERRIER MAGIQUE

Chapter 8

Entries Torn From The Bloodstained Book of Shadows of Bartok Lycus

The other night I received an otherworldly visitor in my bedroom. An extraordinary encounter that will not be soon forgotten, the bizarre but true account is as follows. I was half-asleep during the beginning of the visitation, quite nearly totally submerged in a deep hypnagogic state. Before the succubus came I remember being comfortably and snugly situated firmly under my heavy blue blanket. Once she arrived out of the murky ether like a lustful mother on the hunt I was laying on top of the displaced blanket with it being strewn halfway off the bed. I was in boxers but other than that my flesh was bare and vulnerable to the twisted machinations of the perfidious levitating entity above me. My body which had now begun to perspire with anticipation and nervous excitement was frozen in place other than a few involuntary spasmodic kicks of my feet. My eyelids were peeled open with awful awe and I was rapt with horrific attention. The powerfully seductive and sexual nature of the succubus was immediately apparent and tingling sensations shot down my arms and legs. The terrible visage of the succubus floating above me was far from pleasant and pretty and in fact it was hideously ugly beyond description. She had the wicked and vile countenance of a rotten Hag-Troll, a terrible swamp monster out of a Grim German fairytale. A hooked nose like a large bent pickle covered in warts and moles, bloodshot eyes with diseased yellow irises and red pupils as intense as glowing laser-points. Ghostly long grey curls hung lank and dirty from her ashen scalp, almost brushing against my bare chest like filthy hanging cobwebs. The shriveled and ancient-looking succubus had no arms or legs and her large limbless body was an undulating mass like that of a gelatinous and translucent jellyfish. Despite my instinctive revulsion to the entities wretched appearance, inexplicably I felt myself becoming physically aroused and supremely sexually stimulated by this eerie and uninvited nocturnal guest. At first this sexual confusion bothered me and I attempted to resist this insane attraction to this disgusting wraith. This attempt was in vain and the short protest was futile and without a single touch from my hands I felt my penis become stiffly erect, almost painfully so in fact. I was completely at the mercy of the putrid succubus hag now. I was now her little powerless sex toy to be used and abused according to her whims and I soon totally surrendered to her sordid designs. As the succubus hovered above me she seemed to draw upon my sexual energy like a malignant

parasite. I would later joke with a friend that such an amorous and feverishly harrowing encounter blurred the lines between consensual sex and rape. Were such succubus feedings upon spellbound and paralyzed human male prey really ethical? As the hovering succubus continued to draw upon the rising forces of my libido, her magical tendrils stirring my hormones up into a frenzy, so did my animalistic desire for her grow and grow and my erection throbbed with visceral joy until my sick desire reached a crescendo and I felt myself climax strongly, arching my back slightly and crying out in primal ecstasy, absorbed by the explosive and draining rapture of orgasm my eyeballs temporarily rolled into the back of my head and my hands gripped the bed sheet with great passion. As soon as my orgasm was complete I was freed from my lustful trance and was no longer glued to the bed by invisible bonds. The Hag-Troll succubus disappeared in a glimmering trail of ethereal green stardust. I sat up to examine the mess that was created and would now have to be cleaned. There was nothing there whatsoever, no stickiness against my bare flesh or no visible signs of the sexual climax which had just occurred. I shook my head and looked again but the result was the same. My boxers were completely dry and clean, that was impossible though as I had definitely ejaculated and I could still feel the after effects of said ejaculation. There was no mistaking the voluptuous feeling of total animalistic release. I realized with grand bemusement that my preternatural nocturnal lover must have harvested my seed for her unknown purposes in the peculiar far-flung dimension she hailed from. I didn't know if I should feel honored or exploited. I guess it was a little bit of both. I have half-hoped that my succubus paramour would return one of these nights as it can get kind of lonely around these parts but so far there has been no sign of her. The other more rational and sane half of me hopes I never have to see that rancid crone again and hopes even more that this whole thing was just a figment of my diseased imagination. I know better though. This is an organic memory of a consciously recorded experience that clawed its way deep into my sweating flesh and straining muscles and imprinted itself indelibly onto my body as a whole, it wasn't just some vivid and vibrant dream.

The Belphegor Consecration Rite

A few silver occult rings adorned my pale fingers. One of them which enchanted the middle finger on my left hand was a silver ring engraved with sigils of Lucifer which was gifted to me by a Supreme Commander of the Satanic Front

at the end of a stay at his domicile. Another silver ring on the middle finger of my right hand was a blue iris eyeball overcome with steel jaws. I gazed at my pallid reflection in the partially stained mirror above the porcelain bathroom sink. I was clean-shaven apart from a small blonde soul patch and a pair of tinted aviator prescription glasses rested on my oval-shaped face. Long brown hair was swept backwards and rested upon broad shoulders located on a barreled chest. My powerful physique was a husky but muscular one and I stood two inches under six-feet-tall. At two hundred and twenty pounds I was fairly content with my current physique apart from a troublesome case of protruding gorilla gut. I really needed to cut down on my belly fat as it was an eye sore and an insult to the rest of my decently sculpted and toned body. A silver pentacle earring dangled from my left ear, a cheap trinket purchased at some New Age/Wiccan shop but a treasure nonetheless. I bent over and picked up a sleek silk black magician's robe that was coiled around my ankles like a shadowy sash. I pulled the black robe onto my naked body and situated the cowl over my head. My upset stomach rumbled and stirred uncomfortably signifying that nature had begun her call. I groaned at the discomfort that was growing in my stomach. I could hear the falling of rain on the rooftop above my home and my brooding spirit welcomed the brewing storm with delight. I left the bathroom to locate and choose the magickal weapon I would be consecrating in the nights rite. I entered my dim bedroom and gazed down at the small collection of weapons laid down across the bed. These instruments of death included a gleaming machete, a recently oiled and cleaned Mossberg 500 pump-action shotgun, a large serrated hunting knife and a heavy-duty industrial strength claw-hammer. All of these poor weapons were deprived virgins as they had not tasted either animal or human blood even once. I could sense that these weapons craved desperately for the thrill of the hunt and the consummation of that savage quest in rapturous bloodshed. It was time to make an important selection on how I was to spill the blood of my coming sacrifice, the method of the coming homicide was the choice before me. I decided to challenge myself so instead of taking the lazy and easy route of a firearm I chose the hammer instead. Any weak-willed boy with a meek constitution and a petty feud could kill an unarmed victim with a firearm. It was as simple as aiming and pulling the trigger of a loaded firearm at a living target that was caught off guard and taken by surprise. Now to kill with a blunt instrument that required getting up close and personal to your prey was a different story altogether and required more guts and grit on the part of the killer. It was a more ferocious brand of

homicide that required a fiercer commitment and iron will to execute. Murder should be a gruesome and brutal process to be enjoyed by the predator and ideally the victim should be conscious of their suffering before passing over to the other side. In the traumatic echoes of the Akashic Records this harrowing struggle should be documented, murderer and victim forever linked by this wound in the matrix. If a single murder is to be remembered and not swallowed up into anonymity by the violent red tide of human history and forgotten it should be indelibly stamped with the particular eccentricities and unique personality of its perpetrator or like the psychedelic prophet and desert dwelling madman Charles Manson would say "If you are going to do something bad or illegal then do it right and leave something witchy". Most serial killers or cult leaders have a personalized calling card that they leave behind on the crime scene or upon the corpse of their victim. This simultaneously serves three purposes, to proudly leave their artistic mark on their macabre handiwork, to keep a morbid memento from their victim to be relished in private later, such as a severed ear or mutilated breast and as a dark celebration and final sign of dominance against their conquered prey. I grabbed the hefty industrial strength claw-hammer as my chosen weapon, left my bedroom and descended the staircase of my home, as I did this I could hear the intensification of the downpour outside and the sharp crashing of thunder in the distance. I reached the bottom of the stairs and entered into the gloomy garage on the bottom floor. My bare feet made contact with the cold gritty concrete and I closed the door behind me. The noxious smell assaulted my nostrils immediately and although I had anticipated the unpleasant stench this was more than I had bargained for. A foul smell and a little grossness was definitely not going to stop me forging ahead into my unholy quest though. A dirty and grime-stained outhouse was situated in the far corner of the garage and next to it laid a small soiled cardboard box that held the slimy remnants of the night's dinner inside. A greedy and buzzing congregation of flies and other despicable winged insects had swarmed the infected area and begun to feast upon the decadence. The rancid and tainted porta-potty had been stolen from an urban construction site a few nights ago for a singular purpose; the Prince of Sloth required particular profane offerings. Profane offerings of the stinking fecal variety. The garage was encased in stillness and silence and despite the foul odor emanating from within the chamber a comforting veil of solemn serenity fell over me as I got ready for the night's rite ahead, A familiar feeling for me when I am about to commune in secret solitude with the dark malefic spirits. The steady rainfall

seemed muted and I could barely hear the grey dance of the tempest beyond the walls of the chamber. I approached the crude makeshift altar made from a large tree stump gathered from the surrounding forest that had been carved and polished into a flat surface. A sleek black banner inscribed with a white inverted pentagram and goat's head was pulled taut over the altar. On top of the banner were three black candles, a small bundle of sandalwood incense, a lighter and an unsheathed athame pointing towards the north. I approached a workshop table by a medium sized closed window to pick up an incense burner to use in the working, an eight inch tall wooden tower covered in golden stars and perforated with holes for the smoke to escape. I removed the detachable exterior of the tower and stuck four incense sticks into the holes at the foundation. I lit the ends of the potent sticks of sandalwood incense with the lighter and then replaced the exterior of the tower back into its shielding configuration and over the burning sticks, masking the embers within. Incense smoke began to steadily pour out of the multitude of holes in the face of the wooden tower. I took my hammer in my right hand and began to chant the Demonic Enn of Belphegor in a guttural tone. I continued the hypnotic and eerie chant of the Demonic Enn until the guttural barks resounded around the hollow spaces of the concrete enclosed place and produced incestuous echoes that bled into each other before dissipating. I slowly rotated the head of the hammer in the incense smoke pouring out of the tower holes and as I did this I visualized the nocturnal stalking of a victim on a city street and the bludgeoning of his face into unrecognizable mincemeat, the fatal crushing of his skull and the leaking of his brains onto the indifferent pavement below. I delighted in the perverse fantasy of mayhem and murder and my pulse quickened with excitement, my pronounced veins inflamed with bloodlust. I rotated the bludgeoning tool a total of nine times while imagining the dark and primal energies of Belphegor being infused into it before placing the preternaturally empowered killing implement at the epicenter of the goat's head banner which seemed to be pulsing and palpitating with an alien energy and then I sat cross-legged on the garage floor with the hem of my robe spilling out around my bare feet. I closed my eyes and meditated deeply on the sigil of Belphegor that was psychically constructed in my mind's eye with violet astral flame. It hanged there triumphantly in my illuminated psyche like an infernal and menacing coat of arms, like a mantle I was challenged to lift and wield. After ten minutes of infernal meditation I rose and with pursed lips I bent over the altar and blew out two of the three candles, leaving only a single flame. I disrobed in one swift motion before the altar in the

near darkness and then I picked up the lit candle with my right hand, grinning slightly under the warm glow. I held the flame before me as I walked towards the rancid pilfered outhouse. I entered the defiled Porto-potty and sat down on the filthy toilet seat without hesitation. Inside this fetid tomb of excrement it reeked so badly that I gagged violently and almost vomited. My throat now laced with acidic bile I plugged my nostrils with my fingers and then forcefully evacuated my bowels into the rank portal below. My explosive bowel movement was complete within half a minute or so and then I stood up from the rancid portable toilet, exited the outhouse and grabbed the greasy porcelain plate from within the cardboard box. On top of the dinner plate was six half-eaten chicken breasts. I took the meaty leftovers to the throne of defecation and one by one I ceremoniously tossed them as offerings to the gluttonous and slack-jawed Lord of the Gap. The chicken breasts made pronounced splashes below as they landed in the raw sewage of countless men. To my shock and surprise I was no longer bothered by the overwhelming noxious stench, in fact I was feeling downright manic and ecstatic all of a sudden. I fell to my knees before the outhouse and began to lick the grease from the plate with fervor and glee until it was clean and gleamed with saliva. I flung the ceramic dinner plate so hard across the garage that it shattered into dozens of pieces, a sharp shard ricocheting off the ceiling and then plunging into my left shoulder, a shallow wound that created only a few small rivulets of blood. I shrieked from the piercing slash against my flesh, not in pain but in joyful pleasure. I stood and came forward tossing the black candle and the last source of light in the cement chamber into the vortex of scat. The falling flame spun counter-clockwise as it disappeared into the bowels below. Plunged into total darkness, I could now hear the harsh thunder and hard rainfall outside and the pounding rhythm of the storm sounded in my ears like an unstoppable elemental freight-train, simultaneously a sweet soothing hymn and a brutal screaming symphony. The outhouse before me had vanished into thin air and in its place was a black magick induced sublime hallucination or possibly more appropriately titled a haunting vision. This hallucination or vision seemed like stone-cold reality as it was occurring, as real as the cold concrete beneath my bruised knees. Through a nail-shaped crevice I was looking into a mighty castle turret that stretched far and wide into the gloomy firmament, slowly swinging back and forth like a morbid human pendulum was a dead man with a rope tightly fastened around his ankle and his other leg not constricted by the rope was crossed against his thigh cramped up and stiff due to rigor- mortis. Immediately it was clear to me

that this was the archetype of The Hanged Man as seen in Tarot card decks. The only noticeable deviation from the familiar symbol was a severe and ghoulish one; this deceased hanged man in my field of vision had his throat slashed open and from the gaping wound and butchered viscera spilled out wretched excrement swarming with sickening insects. Feces spilled also from the dead man's yawning and toothless mouth. Unidentifiable faceless creatures chattered with impish laughter from the deep impenetrable shadows of the turret. The deceased and defiled hanged man's eyes opened in a harrowing flash like hellish seals and immediately following this unspeakable horror a massive blinding shock and intense flash of lightning hit the earth near my home like a hostile celestial arrow fired downward by some irate deity. The only window of the garage was blasted into a thousand pieces and the shell-shocked outhouse was thrown onto its side as if hit by a speeding truck. I stood up naked and trembling in the wake of the lightning blast with the hair on the back of my neck raised by static electricity and for a brief exhilarating and terrifying moment my physical frame was overcome and overshadowed by a horned mammoth silhouette that consumed my field of vision like a conquering phantom Goliath. This towering monstrous shadow seemed to swallow my spiritual essence whole as his talons enveloped my trembling body in a phantom embrace. I walked quickly through the darkness towards where I knew the light-switch in the garage was located. In the rushed process I cut my bare feet multiple times on broken glass shards and cursed under my breath from the painful punctures. I flipped on the light to survey the damage before me. The outhouse was drowning in its own foul contents and the sewage was beginning to spill into the garage. A pile of broken glass was soaking in a small pool of blood on the concrete floor. Something slimy was dripping from the ceiling and creating a putrid puddle of frothy slop near my toes. I looked up and my eyes grew wide with astonishment. The chicken bones from the ritual offering were stripped clean of meat and were carved up and marred with animalistic marks from monstrous incisors. The altar and everything upon it was somehow untouched and in pristine condition despite it being located almost exactly in front of the destroyed garage window. The only alteration was that the shining point of the athame was now pointing Southward instead of to the North.

Chapter 12- The Cursed Gunslinger

The lone man in the green flight jacket and blue jeans opened an entrance door and walked into the restaurant and his dusty work boots stuck stubbornly for a moment against the unwashed sticky linoleum floor. The man was surprised to see the filthy state of the restaurant as the workers here usually kept things respectable and clean. The new arrival to the Waffle House was a stocky Caucasian with domineering blue eyes and he was about five feet eight inches in height. The man with the intense presence looked to be in his mid-thirties or possibly a few years older. His hardened face told the story of a man who had overcome many sorrows and weathered many storms and was now better off for it. The secluded restaurant which was isolated up on a large hill overlooking the small Texas town was fairly dead this evening with only a family of three sitting at the far side of the establishment, a rotund annoyed looking mother adorned with tacky earrings and her two bickering hyperactive preteen sons by the look of it, waiting for their meal to arrive. The man in the green flight jacket sat down at his favorite booth in the Waffle House restaurant. He lightly pressed his tongue against and disturbed the ball of chewing tobacco resting near the bottom of his two rows of pearly whites and cradled by his bottom lip. His dental health was surprisingly superb considering his frequent chewing habit. The nice thing about this Waffle House is that every booth is a window booth and he could

look out into the distance past the filthy pollution congested highways and into the flat and bleak Texas landscapes bereft of life. In that stark desolation there was a promise but not everyone understood that. The desert was pregnant with a hidden prize but you had to have the appropriate astral sight to see it. Manibus knew this and he knew many more things. He knew lots of things other people didn't know but that's because they didn't want to know. That's what set him apart from the mindless hordes, the desire to know, the desire to know at all costs even if that curiosity lead him off the edge of a cliff. It was evening time in his neck of the woods and the sun was beginning to dim its blazing light and set slowly on the horizon but the declining orb still cast a pesky glare into his eyes as he idly picked up the laminated menu in front of him. He didn't know why he was looking at the worthless menu as he always ordered the same thing from this place and it always left him contended. He was a strict man of habit, if it ain't broke don't fix it was his motto in life and it hadn't failed him yet. The lone man with the shaved head who sat in the booth rubbed the stubble on his chin while he expertly thought about everything and about nothing all at once. He had just returned from a productive few hours in the secluded woods behind a public park where he had directed some beginner military drills to a small and dedicated group of Satanic recruits who were dressed in olive drab BDU's and armed with rubber practice rifles. He had slowly and patiently gone through the basics of clearing houses and buddy bounding exercises with them, establishing the correct patterns of the actions through trial and error. He was a veteran of the

Iraq war and also a veteran of the Afghan war, a trained paratrooper who had kept his skillset fresh in both mind and body once he had returned from overseas to America and to civilian life. Yes, like a good and proper soldier he loved his country he supposed but maybe not in the wholesome and politically correct way he was supposed to. His patriotism was of a different breed. It was patriotism with fangs. What he loved about America was its endless romance with guns and violence, its exultation in hedonism and excess and its embrace of decadence in all its myriad forms. Manibus was a staunch supporter and promoter of the debauchery of the sprawling Sin City which was the United States of America. The U.S.A. was a ravenous and insatiable predator, a volatile laboratory that could explode at any moment, a suicidal military superpower and a fanatical breeder and exporter of degeneracy and disorder. In the mind of Manibus the more corruption the better, he got drunk on corruption and he thrived in environments rife with corruption. His love of weaponry only grew with time and he had a respectable and deadly armory locked in a large code protected safe at home as well as various firearms hidden around in his home in case he needed quicker access to one. He would hit the shooting range at least once or twice a week to keep his marksmanship skills fresh, sometimes with a friend but more often than not alone. He raised his head and looked toward the noisy and busy kitchen as he listened to bacon sizzling on the hot stove and enjoyed the accompanying scent of burning meat. He had his concealed carry sidearm strapped to his side this evening, held in a high quality brown leather

shoulder holster which was both snug against his body and comfortable. The bulge beneath his flight jacket was slightly noticeable if one focused their sight on it for long enough but he mostly had the element of surprise. Constant concealed carry was another one of his daily habits, he was perpetually strapped with steel and this practice was second nature to him. A fully loaded 9MM semi-automatic pistol was his weapon of choice today resting in the holster. The man with the shaved head and the flight jacket was armed with a straight to business mindset and a no-nonsense attitude and his appearance was stern and serious looking and many could be forgiven if they mistook him for being a mean-spirited individual simply by misreading his piercing and intense gaze and intimidating facial features but if one looked deeper they could begin to detect a wealth of good humor and friendliness beneath the harsh surface. A young attractive waitress in a pastel-colored dress uniform approached his table with a small notepad in her hands. She was a physically fit cute blonde with the tips of her shoulder-length parted hair dyed a deep purple. She must have been a new employee at this place as Manibus did not recognize her and he was a regular at this joint, he came to eat here at least twice a week, sometimes more. Most of the chain-smoking middle-aged used and abused waitresses here weren't exactly eye-candy or in other words nothing you would want to casually screw or breed with. The majority of the staff here were friendly, hardworking and pleasant enough though. The new waitress flashed a warm smile at him and the sparkling of her eyes seemed to confirm the smile was genuine.

“What can I get for you this evening honey?” The young waitress asked.

Being called honey by a girl so much younger than him struck him as odd but he wasn't complaining and hell this was the South afterall. Pretty sure there is some law on the books where a waitress can get fined a hundred dollars if she doesn't call all her male customers honey. The way it should be for damn sure he thought.

“A steak sandwich, hash browns and a coke to drink please” Manibus answered, he didn't return the smile but he told himself that his aura smiled at her and maybe she was an empath and could feel the warm and positive energy directed towards her from the loving origin of his solar plexus. He chuckled silently to himself inside his own head. All that New Age bullshit I can't decide whether I love it or hate it.

“Alright sounds perfect that will be right up honey!” the young waitress promised.

She spun on her sneaker heels in an almost giddy fashion as locks of her long hair shot up briefly in ecstatic disarray. The pretty waitress busily disappeared into the grimy kitchen to deliver the cooks their new order. Manibus had high hopes for this steadily growing Satanic paramilitary that he was cultivating and strengthening deliberately one day at a time. An army of evil united under the exquisite malevolent banner of Mono-Diabolism. They knew the devil had many faces and names throughout different cultures and ages and they honored and celebrated them all as a tribute to the Dark Lord and all his royal manifestations.

Their digital propaganda efforts that had been sowed across the vast internet the past few years were beginning to reap a satisfying harvest. Enough so in fact that all evidence of their existence as an organization was now wiped clean from the internet and their organization had now gone entirely underground to continue it's growth and evolution. Beneath the radar is where these clandestine diabolists would plot their malefic schemes. Their network was growing and cementing in form simultaneously. One of the many things that set them apart from many of the failed Left-Hand-Path groups of the past few decades was that they refused to become a passive internet social club and insisted on flesh and blood physical meet-ups where they could solidify their dark covenants with the Carnal Lord of this Earth. The leaderless resistance model was rejected in favor of a strong central command and top-down military style hierarchy. While pseudonyms were used for practical purposes there was official membership in The Satanic Front. This was a radical and innovative approach for a Left-Hand-Path group of this meek and sickly age, a straightforward boldness in action, sincerity in conviction and intent. The black magick cauldron had been stirred thoroughly Manibus thought and now the foul corruption of the devil was beginning to brew. The future was looking darker by the day, blackening with an occult hand of transformative death. Manibus ran two fingers across one side of his face, gently scratching the stubble of his five o'clock shadow. Thinking about the progress that had been made on the great quest his mouth curled into a half-grin. One thing that was a nagging disappointment to him and a thorn in his

side was his recent lack of success when it came to his magickal rituals, with no tangible results he felt as if his efforts were just falling on deaf ears, his spells fizzling out into the ether instead of blooming into vibrant roses. He had never been the type to favor long and complicated ceremonies; he preferred simple visceral rites that were straight to the point as opposed to tedious chanting in Latin and carving complex amulets for nights on end. A few weeks back he had performed a nocturnal invocation to Sabnock the Goetic spirit. He had performed the solitary rite in his garage at night and he had felt both his energy and his state of mind were in the right place for such an ambitious operation. In the garage of his home he had an expensive and pristine oval scrying mirror that was setup on an elevated workbench to function as the pinnacle centerpiece in the middle of the ritual space. The cold and sleek scrying mirror seemed to hover in the calm quiet of the garage like a depthless portal of darkness waiting to be disturbed and was surrounded by wire containers that held up Devil Tarot Cards. The elegant and macabre renaissance style devil cards looked back at him mischievously with forked tongues and bladed tails. Manibus created a magickal manifestation triangle to his right by sprinkling a thick perimeter of salt and whispering some incantations. Manibus sat down in a luxurious high-backed black leather chair before taking a sharp dagger from off the workbench and with a slight grimace pressing the blade into his left palm until a rivulet of blood spilled from the resulting cut. He smeared the blood across a sigil of Sabnock that had been drawn on a piece of parchment earlier. Manibus then incinerated

the bloody piece of parchment in the flame of a black candle and watched the smoke rise and then dissipate before it reached the ceiling. Manibus read his personalized invocation to the Goetic spirit Sabnok, lit some sticks of incense near the scrying mirror and then chanted Sabnock's Demonic Enn nine times, enjoying the gritty guttural barks that erupted from his throat and echoed briefly in the enclosed space around him. Now he relaxed in the comfortable leather-backed chair, focusing on the sensation of his body weight sinking into its welcoming embrace and then envisioning himself as a large stone dropping and descending into a deep murky lake he stared deeply into the oval scrying mirror while taking slow and measured deep breaths. Within the span of a few minutes, sedated in the gloom and in the consuming grips of this morbid meditation, his distorted reflection in the pristine scrying mirror slowly morphed into a shriveled husk like a horrifying flesh mask carved off a living victim and with a sickening swarm of shiny black beetles crawling from his diseased-looking and withered agape mouth. His titillated flesh was tingling with electrical surges that seemed to be generated from outside of his body; his unnaturally heavy and salivating tongue in his mouth now seemed to drool forth fountains of a sweet forbidden wine. Manibus sat still and unmoving like an entranced statue imbibing on the unholy manna. Here it was he thought with elated delight in his private chambers, the altered state of mind that was simultaneously the requirement for magick to be successful in its operation and one of the main purposes and rewards of the practice of magick in itself. One should of course

aim for higher goals in the lofty pursuit of magick and communion with otherworldly entities but the power to alter one's own state of mind at will is a sublime taste of the command of divinity in itself and that power should not be underestimated nor should it be taken for granted. When he was in such a treasured altered state of mind like the one which now graciously possessed him he felt as though he was metaphysically shifted into a slightly different realm or dimension, an indefinable place that was not bound by the same rules as the ordinary world. While Manibus was sedated in bliss in his dimension shifting reverie he failed to notice a sly and stealthy feline slip under his garage door. The garage door was open a mere three inches but the flexible cat had no problem entering, flattening its seemingly rubber bones to the concrete ground and sliding in the garage effortlessly like a sleek liquid intruder. The hairless Sphynx cat with the vividly vibrant emerald eyes prowled its way into the center of the manifestation triangle created with salt. The mysterious cat that was possibly not a cat at all perfectly mimicked the physical appearance of a house cat and cherished pet owned by Manibus so if it was spotted it would not cause alarm or concern. The crafty feline purred contentedly for a moment while licking its paw before arching its smooth back and urinating into the epicenter of the magickal triangle. Not enough urine to call attention to the mess but enough to leave a small puddle and stain on the concrete below. Just as fast as the mischievous feline familiar entered the garage it left the garage and disappeared into the heavy darkness of the still and calm night with a steady trot, headed back

towards its master with confirmation of the despoiling deed. Manibus at the blissful mercy of his enticing trance was oblivious to all of this. The incessant and restless growling and groaning of his hungry stomach brought Manibus back to the present moment. That steak sandwich would definitely hit the spot. In a few short minutes the young attractive waitress approached his table with his food. She placed a tall glass of ice-cold coke on the table in front of him and then inextricably froze in place with an odd and almost comical constipated expression gripping her youthful features. At first Manibus didn't think anything of it but after she had failed to put his plate of food on the table for around half a minute he looked up at the waitresses contorted face. One of her eyes was strained open and one was shut tightly closed and her soft features were twitching as if she was having a stroke. The plate of food slipped out of her delicate manicured hand and shattered on the floor, the crash was extremely loud inside the restaurant, his potential delicious meal splattered on the grimy floor, becoming worthless contaminated slop.

“Hey, what the hell is wrong with you lady? Are you alright?” Manibus asked annoyed and frustrated, at the current moment more concerned about his spoiled food than the declining health of the waitress.

He remained seated in the booth and stared at the waitress, she looked as if any moment she might fall to the ground in a fit of violent convulsions. Instead her cherry lips parted and her mouth opened wide, suddenly a perverse chasm in which a rancid stench escaped. The waitresses perfect white teeth were now

yellowed and decayed stumps of malformed bones protruding from her swollen infected gums like corrupted daggers. A rancid deluge of rotting and squirming maggots then poured out of her open mouth onto the table like some vile spigot had been turned on at the back of her infected and infested throat. A sea of undulating maggots now twitched all over the table in front of Manibus and a half dozen crawled across his fingers onto the back of his hands. Manibus recoiled in horror from the squishy and revolting contact of the maggots; he stood up in shock quick as a shot from the infested table and shook the maggots off of his hands in disgust.

“HOLY FUCKIN’ HELL!” He shouted in mortified astonishment.

He didn’t plan to scream this out but it just sort of happened.

The young waitress in front of him was now some ghastly zombified wretch, her beauty raped and ruined by some unspeakable curse, she was now an ugly abomination that was painful to look at. Her diseased and engorged veins throbbed spasmodically in her disfigured body and seemed to be about to burst from within her sickly grey flesh. No longer was she a frozen statue, her decaying fingers that stank of the mildewed grave madly groped forward towards his face as the zombie creature wailed a high-pitched blood-curdling scream, seeking to gouge out his eyes. Manibus now high on adrenaline lifted a leg and planted a work boot firmly into the zombie bitches frail midsection causing her to stumble back a couple of feet and giving him some breathing room before her next attack. Her work uniform was now disintegrated into

traces of ash at her bony feet and her ulcer torn breasts were exposed as was her scarred stomach. Her once vibrant blonde hair was now tainted into the color of dirty dishwater and was falling out of her heavily scabbed scalp in ragged chunks. The manicured red nails at the end of her fingers were now protruding shards of jagged bone, frightfully sharp claws that looked like they could easily open a jugular. The feral zombie woman slashed around in maniacal hatred with her bony clawed hands that were now primal and fatal weapons searching for the neck of Manibus. Her hypertrophied muscles and withered eyeballs which now hung limply from optic nerves somehow didn't seem to stop her bitter sinew powered rampage as she sliced and diced the air in front of her and advanced towards Manibus. The deteriorated and hateful thing in front of him barely resembled a human anymore let alone an attractive young woman. A dirty bone-claw swiped viciously near Manibus's face and he pulled back just in time before his whole cheek was torn to shreds. He planted another work boot in the zombie bitch's stomach but this time he consciously put much more of his bodyweight behind the forceful kick and the hideous and decaying zombie woman tumbled backwards onto her curved and pronounced spine. Manibus kicked the anorexic zombie bitch right in her crusty cunt and immediately regretted this action as an overwhelmingly foul smell like a dumpster full of sun baked used diapers filled the restaurant after the impact of his boot. The zombie wretch swiped at the air with its filthy claws and attempted to rise to its feet but Manibus kicked it in the face causing it to fall onto its back once more. Deciding

it was time to neutralize the threat and put an end to this insane dance he drew his loaded sidearm from the holster on his shoulder and aimed the barrel of the pistol at the forehead of the noxious zombie writhing and shrieking below him. He remembered a line from an 80's horror film about zombies. Something along the lines of "Destroy the brain kill the zombie". Before the downed hostile thing could raise a threatening claw again he aimed downwards at his living dead target on the unclean Waffle House floor and put two rounds through its forehead. The majority of the zombie bitch's cranium collapsed and evaporated like ancient wallpaper and a fistful of maggots acting as some type of squirming organ in place of a brain were sprayed across the upholstered seats by the counter. He sure wasn't expecting this type of bizarre action when he came to get a bite to eat this evening and damn it he was still starving. During the battle with the decaying hag he had been locked into tunnel vision and was not consciously aware of the entirety of his surroundings. Now he saw that the terminated zombie bitch was the least of his worries. Two ghastly revenants in spiked stygian armor had climbed out from the back of the kitchen and were now advancing towards him like towering and vengeful skeletal titans. These scary bastards had to be at least seven and a half feet tall Manibus realized as he gazed upon their terrifying frames marching towards him. One of the revenants was holding a lengthy pike which had a burning red glowing molten hot business end. The other revenant held a frightful lance consumed in infernal flame in his aggressively raised and steel gauntleted left-hand. Both of the

nightmarish screeching revenants with the chattering razor-sharp teeth had some type of peculiar petrified grey slug in roughly the shape of a diamond firmly attached to their foreheads right over the pineal gland region, as if some unholy charm and hellish armor dedicated to protecting the third eye from harm.

Manibus backed up towards the furthest table of the restaurant to give himself as much time and space as possible to respond to this otherworldly threat and gripped his pistol with both hands, keeping his eyes glued to his murderous enemies in front of him. Just before he pulled the trigger on his pistol to blast one of the monsters in its bleached cranium one of the screeching revenants opened its shrieking bony maw like a foreboding silo and ejected a thin toxin-soaked needle, a poisonous projectile which traveled with astonishing speed and which pierced into the side of his neck with stinging pain. As an immediate physiological response to the unknown toxin he fell hard to the floor, crashing onto his buttocks in a semi-paralyzed state and his cherished pistol slipped from his temporarily disabled hands. When he attempted to move it was like struggling through a crushing megaton of quicksand and sweat began to form at his temples as he fought against this invisible straitjacket restraining him. The lurching revenants were now close to striking distance and they clashed their fearsome weapons against their stygian breastplates in anticipation of the kill. The clashes sounded like deafening thunder and Manibus mentally and physically battled against the paralyzed daze and delirium which now smothered and immobilized him. While the rest of his poisoned body was seized into a

nasty deadlock he could feel some blood flow return to his numb forearms and he began to wiggle his fingers. The revenant with the flaming pike in his left-hand was now standing directly above Manibus like a dreadful tower of impending doom, the grim reaper come to collect his mortal harvest. The revenant with crystalline orbs transfixed deep in the shadowy hollows of its skull drove the molten hot pike through Manibus's right hand, completely impaling it with the medieval weapon and pinning it to the unwashed floor of the restaurant. Manibus howled in agony as a blistering lightning bolt tore through his psyche. He gritted his teeth in response to the extreme pain that sent shockwaves through his body and searched blindly with his left-hand for his pistol that had spilled onto the floor, his only possible savior from becoming a human pincushion for these sadistic bastards. The dual revenants which would soon surely be his accursed executioners cackled cruelly and the unworldly sounds which emitted from their bony maws were like supersonic bone-chilling death-rattles. A revenant raised his flaming lance to decapitate the mortal below. While the odds were against him and the situation was looking grimmer by the moment Manibus did not want to make peace with oblivion just yet. Despite the feeling of suffocating doom which oppressed his chest, choked his lungs and strangled his heart he internally raged against this fatal fate. With a frantic searching hand and whispering incantations of protection Manibus found purchase on his weapon and aimed up at the skeletal titan which overshadowed him. He fired two bullets at the forehead of the revenant but the petrified grey

slug seemed to shield the revenant from damage and it reduced the rounds into impotent dust. As the revenant's flaming lance descended for the kill Manibus readjusted his aim and fired twice into the revenant's skull to the left of the petrified grey slug. The 9MM rounds created a yawning cavity and a discolored substance like expired soup was blasted out of the revenant's ruined cranium, showering the floor with the spoiled cerebral liquid. The massive flaming lance clattered to the floor and the searing heat of the fallen weapon scorched the side of his face and ignited his green flight jacket aflame. Manibus not wanting to become a pitiful piece of barbecued meat quickly wriggled out of the burning jacket and tossed it as far away from himself as he could. The jacket soon perished into a mound of soot near the entrance of the restaurant. The remaining revenant incensed by the defeat of his infernal brother stomped on Manibus's left leg with an angry skeletal foot and Manibus could feel and hear a bone snap inside his pummeled limb. Momentarily blinded by the sharp torment of his leg being crushed this didn't stop him from raising his pistol and firing four shots in rapid succession in the general direction of his tormentor. Three of these bullets were eaten up into nothing and devoured by the hard stygian armor of the revenant but the fourth round had grander aspirations and it climbed higher and effectively blasted through the neck bones of the revenant, transforming them into chalky powder and left the revenant's head hanging comically awkward and lopsided on what remained of its neck. The skewered and wounded Manibus regained his composure while the confused revenant tried and failed at screwing

its head back into place. Manibus looked at the maimed state of his enemy and decided to finish the job. He aimed his pistol at the remaining structure of the revenants neck and blasted it away into nothing. The revenants head popped off and fell to the linoleum floor upside down with its crystalline orbs staring disoriented in the opposite direction away from Manibus. The decapitated revenant now wandered around blindly and hopelessly like a chicken with its head lopped off. Stumbling into tables and in fits of frustration he would break them in half with pounding fists, smashing out windows and groping around empty spaces in a desperately confused state with its skeletal hands. It was like something from a gruesome cartoon and Manibus even let out a sort of traumatized chuckle at the absurd spectacle before him. He placed down his pistol for a moment to concentrate on freeing himself from his impalement. He got a tight grip on the middle of the pike and began to pull upwards to no avail. Each pull of the pike he could feel tendons and sinews in his hand tear and scream in agony. He gritted his teeth and continued to yank upwards with all his might until he liberated his bleeding hand from the accursed weapon. He threw the scorching pike to the side and then breathed a sigh of relief. Manibus looked with a horrified fascination at his wounded hand and saw that there was a nickel sized hole weeping crimson right through the middle of it. Well this was an extraordinary scar that definitely carried along with it an extraordinary story, he thought to himself in self- consolation. For a few pleasant moments he believed he had earned himself a much needed respite from the horrid onslaught. He

realized he was wrong when he heard the manic fluttering of wings from across the restaurant and saw two unhallowed cherubim floating in the empty space. Winged creatures that were a foul mockery of the angelic and the ethereal, painfully bright white voids for eyes burst forth like obscene searchlights from dirty and cracked porcelain skulls. Their mangled wings stank like rot and were composed of the matted hair of the dead, streaked red with old dried blood of the butchered and the fallen. Manibus ejected the empty magazine of his pistol and loaded in a full magazine, this being the last one on his person although he had much more ammunition in his truck. He aimed towards the infernal cherubim with his pistol and braced himself for an attack but the winged ghouls just levitated in place, their wings creating a sound like a droning breeze. The unhallowed cherubim's slowly parted their stained lips and Manibus saw that their sepulchral throats were crammed full with active and swarming hornet's nests. He blasted both of them through their forehead with one bullet each. Their necrotic porcelain skulls disintegrated into splintered shards like crushed shells of expensive eggs and along with a brightly abortive brilliant burst of void light a thick cloud of aggressive hornets filled the air at the far end of the restaurant. Manibus flipped over and using his aching forearms against the grimy tiled floor he army crawled his exhausted body underneath a table at the opposite end of the building from the angry hornets. A few minutes passed and he had not been stung once and he had only seen a handful of hornets come to investigate his side of the building. His simple shaded shelter seemed to be an effective

sanctuary from the aggressive hornets that were seeking revenge for the disturbance of their homes. He laid back and closed his eyes while breathing deep and doing his best to ignore the pain in his body. He failed at this pursuit sadly. At the current moment he did not have enough energy to make his final escape from the restaurant and end this nightmare. So in his wounded and adrenalized state he attempted to the best of his abilities to enter into a brief period of meditation to focus solely on the regeneration of his depleted properties. It seemed like he was laying there for hours in pain and just attempting to control his ragged and rapid breathing. Somehow miraculously though he either fell asleep from total exhaustion or passed out from pain and trauma. When he woke up from his wounded slumber it was like the demonic attack in the Waffle House had all just been a bad dream. His strength and vitality returned to him completely and to his great amazement his body no longer hurt, in fact not a single ache was detected. He did a stunned double-take when he realized that the wound on his hand had disappeared. It was as if the broken bone in his leg had somehow miraculously healed while he was asleep. Cautiously he looked out from under the table expecting to see the mutilated carcasses of the recently slain monsters. Instead what he saw before him made his heart drop into his boots like an anvil. The grisly scene before him was nothing short of a massacre but instead of fallen demons he saw bullet-riddled humans at his quivering feet. A young waitress that had brought his plate of food to his table lay on her back, motionless in death with her pretty head blown

wide open with a 9MM round. Chunks of wet brain spilled out of a jagged cavity in the back of her skull. Her skinny arms were splayed open on a clean and polished floor and her unblinking eyes bugged out of her frozen face. Seized by shock and disbelief Manibus investigated the rest of the restaurant. In the blood-splattered kitchen two middle-aged male chefs laid face down, both were killed execution style with a single gunshot to the back of their heads and their faces soaked in thick dark pools of blood. It seemed as if there was an intense struggle as the disturbed kitchen was in disarray with fallen plates and spatulas on the ground as well as a handful of shattered glasses littering the floor.

Manibus left the gore-streaked kitchen and investigated the other end of the restaurant. Where he found two lifeless twelve year old boys slouched over in their booth with exit wounds in their backs. On the other side of the table he found their deceased mother face down on the table, her right ear disintegrated into weak fleshy strands leading into a bleeding scar-raked canal where the fatal bullet had entered. What the hell was going on here? Manibus asked himself this question in a state of building panic. He seriously began to question if he was some type of loose- cannon undiagnosed schizophrenic. This was a nuclear bomb of a hallucination dropped onto him this evening. Homicide was not an issue for him if he decided that it was in order for whatever reason but he preferred to be in conscious control of who he decided to kill otherwise he was just an undisciplined stray bullet and that was no good, no good at all. This was some fatal feverish impulse based on some false reality that had him dancing

frenetically on puppet strings but a false reality imposed on him by what or who was the question. Who was the puppet master of this ghastly illusion? Was this the product of severe mental illness slowly building up in his disease ravaged brain or was the answer more supernatural in nature? He had never had any signs or red flags in his life that he was some type of schizoid, this didn't make any sense, a sudden plunge into pure unadulterated insanity and utter madness couldn't just randomly fall out of the sky and possess him to commit this grisly massacre. Something nefarious was at work here behind the scenes but he couldn't really say what without further investigation and time to sort this whole awful bloody mess out. It seemed to be something malicious lurking just at the edge of his periphery, mocking him and taunting him. Six victims he counted inside this Waffle House, dead by his hand and to think this fine chain of misunderstood establishments already had such a bad reputation. Imagine how this little mishap today would sully their image. He remembered seeing some news story on television some years back about a schizophrenic guy who was butt naked other than wearing a trench coat who marched into a Waffle House with a loaded shotgun and killed five people. The guy was some absolute lunatic who was hearing voices and apparently believed that the pop singer Taylor Swift was stalking him with ill intent. Despite the dire situation he now faced he couldn't help but smirk to himself in amusement at the last thought. There was some small amount of guilt swimming around in his conscience like soured milk but mostly he was mentally preoccupied with his own self-preservation, he

needed to clean his hands of this unfortunate incident and be on his way.

Becoming public enemy number one and being in the crosshairs of law enforcement was not exactly high on his list of objectives right now, neither was life in prison as a result of these unplanned murders. Hell, these uncontrolled murders. I am not guilty your honor a shadowy unseen hand forced my actions, after all a perfectly cast hex is stronger than any form of secret government mind control. This must be the work of an enemy black magician hell-bent on my destruction Manibus considered. He had never had the hungry Denizens of Hell weaponized against him like this before and no doubt they were glorious in their terror but when they were determined to remove your flesh from your skeleton and coming forth with a hideous wrath to collect your heart from your ripped open chest and eat it for dinner there was regrettably no time to politely ask for autographs. No, he thought to himself this isn't the end of the line for me, it can't be the end of line for me, my larger than life dedicated ego and my supreme will simply cannot allow it. He still had a mission to complete, a quest much grander than killing a bunch of strangers in some Waffle House due to some freakish and heinous hallucination imposed on him by some unknown actor. He considered disabling the security cameras inside and outside of the building and destroying the tapes but then settled on a more drastic plan which would hopefully erase all evidence of this event. He walked back into the kitchen over the fresh corpses of the executed chefs and tampered with all the large stoves until they were on maximum heat levels and the coils were burning

bright red. He found a greasy container near one of the sinks that hadn't been washed yet and smothered a few dozen rags in there before he tossed the greasy rags onto the top of the stove along with some rolls of paper towels and sheets of newspaper he had found around the restaurant. He waited and watched from behind the counter until the kitchen filled with smoke and he began to cough into a balled fist as he saw the suffocating billows began to rise to the ceiling and spread out to the rest of the building. Tall and hungry blue flames began to rise from the withering rags on the stove, threatening a storm of inferno.

Manibus turned his back on the whole monumental headache and unreal nightmare and marched out of the restaurant, kicking the front door open hard enough to partly tear it off its hinges and he walked into the gravelly parking lot wheezing and coughing until his congested lungs were cleared. Twilight had drained into complete darkness and the sky above was a looming and expansive face of blackness. He entered his pickup truck and rested his hands on the driving wheel for a few moments as he watched pillars of black smoke rising out of the roof of the restaurant and saw dancing flames burst through the windows and start fiendishly licking and consuming the exterior of the building. Satisfied that the whole structure would soon be a heap of ash and broiled wreckage Manibus put his keys in the ignition and pulled out of the Waffle House parking lot. He was careful and mindful not to speed off in the opposite direction but instead remained calm and followed the rules of the road. Manibus opened a can of Grizzly and stuffed a new dip into his bottom lip. He looked in his rearview

mirror at the scorching maelstrom he was leaving behind.

“Fuckin’ Hell” he said, shaking his head.

The Satanic Front endeavors to bring something new and much needed in what exists as the “Left Hand Path community”, the genuine devotion to the darkness in said communities also questionable. We exist as a different beast, a unique organization both in our objectives, but also resources and wherewithal. Striving first and foremost for practical and pragmatic works, we offer hands on, professional grade training, the likes of which are typically unavailable for civilian access. This is something completely unprecedented in the history of public Satanic organizations. A grade beyond what is seen in the “militia” world as well, given that our trainers are active and former active duty Infantrymen, if not trained directly by them under their tutelage. Philosophical musing and sundry circle jerking are not to be seen, instead replaced by ordeals designed to facilitate a capable and dangerous operator, mentally and physically tough, unwavering in his direction. In many respects, we are accomplishing what groups such as the “ONA” and others strived to achieve, but failed to achieve, the theory itself sound but practical application severely lacking. In many ways we are the

“phoenix rising from the ashes” of all true Satanic orders, this time with full resolve. Our objectives are based in reality; a physical scope and trajectory, solidifying our will and ideals in flesh. While we acknowledge those who went before, it is our duty, and also the duty of those who come after, to take it every time, one step further.

Our primary goal is that of a functional unit, professional and henceforth prioritizing physical meetings, networking, and on the ground objectives, as opposed to the whimsical “esoteric” aims of most organizations and collectives. We are willing to work with others from afar who are active and who fully intend on physical collaboration, however, if you have no interest in an inevitable meeting, please do not waste our time. There are groups available more fitting for the cowardly dabbler, the likes of which constitute 99 percent of “satanic” groups with an internet presence, often times never meeting each other in person, what to speak of cultivating a genuinely dangerous direction, or even bare minimum cohesion. As it concerns the esoteric, we would be bold enough to say our understanding and praxis of genuine Left Hand Path arcana also

exists to a much more legitimate degree, only solidified by our activities in which the demonic is experienced, devotional deeds manifested through our lives firsthand. Decidedly we placate the physical activities, such as physical strength and fitness, demanding ordeals, and practical acts of devotion as the sum and substance of praxis, unlike the mental masturbators who flourish in speculation alone.

Satanism in action, but also the study and science in an exemplary fashion, disregarding no facets of the totality of our work. Study and research has its time and place, but never to be eschewed in favor of real action, anything less is posturing and fakery. In this text, certain tangible training hallmarks will be discussed, including but not limited to initiation, as well as grade advancement within the organization, determined by mastery of various training exercises and activities, along with other facets of information necessary to understanding the Satanic Front.

We expect and demand that both prospective and active members maintain a high level of physical fitness. We maintain no

toleration neither for stick figure adherents or the overweight and obese, the likes of which constitute most “occult” groups, we are looking for active people who can furnish a high standard of fitness. We do not offer a standardized regimen regarding qualification, due to the variety that can come with physical tasks themselves, what we do emphasize is exceptionalism in every respect. Whether this be in the form of weightlifting, power lifting, extreme endurance or martial arts (or aspects of all these things) you must be fit and capable. We are often surprised to see how many would be adherents of the “ONA”, now more of a social circle group than a genuine Satanic organization, are composed of the physically unremarkable, and in many cases, completely mundane and docile. What to speak of the absurd standards put forth in their literature, the poser claiming ONA is often seen unable to complete 10 jumping jacks without losing his breath. The absurd emphasis on the feminine is also a great abstraction, especially so those claiming “gang” affiliation yet engaged in nothing but internet posturing, as verified by our sources heavily engaged in the criminal underground. You know who you are,

those who are not only dishonest with those you seek to impress, but also dishonest with yourself and your so-called devotion. Claims of following the ONA dueling standard are also never seen, resorting to copout or excuse, in typical manner. The great irony, given the organizations extreme emphasis on the tangible work, when perhaps they fall short the most.

There is also the common phenomenon of resorting to past leaders, the “glory days”, a nostalgia with little bearing in real life. Individuals such as David Myatt are often praised as champions of “the sinister”, and yet, the sum and substance of his life produces no real tangible evidence for such. His “rejection of extremism” reveals all you need to know about the dubious character, along with overtly feminine presentation befitting a gutless European, a dime a dozen as they come. The same can be said for would be “vampiric” nexions under the ONA banner, failing to back up their words in a manner quite similar to their leader, and unsurprisingly, lacking the grit known only to a certain American breed. We will train Europeans up to par, but never forget that our identity is truly one exemplifying the

United States, and all extremes that encompasses, whether in bodybuilding or monster trucks.

One can observe his quite pitiful attempt to create a Galactic imperium of Dark Satanic warriors, and yet, only engineering a following of internet acolytes who consider Facebook an appropriate avenue for Sinister dialectic discussion. To say both he, his organization, and his lackeys failed would be a disastrous understatement. There is no question the world demands a collective of real Satanists, the likes of which who are deadly, who can incite real change in the world, and who not only speak it, but eat, sleep and breath it.

We trust you will know in introspection if your acumen is up to par, and have the honesty to curtail aspects that are lacking. In this way we are amicable towards those in a state of development, accepting members following their correction, as well as evidence they are maintaining that standard of discipline. The archetype of the overweight, pseudo intellectual armchair Satanist drinking mountain dew comes to mind immediately. This type of individual

has no place in our order and never will. For those of such circles who feel a call towards something higher, we recommend you cast aside the association of the meek and mediocre, and begin to engineer yourself in a way truly deserving of one calling themselves a Satanist, and championing his name in this world.

Mental toughness, the ability to withstand stressful scenarios, is also paramount. As much as we disdain weaklings, we also disdain cowards and crybabies. Those who are unable to show a willingness to train in person with our organization, and who cannot withstand the stress of mere training exercises, will likely have not the ability to engage in practical work on a real-world stage without caving and psychologically collapsing. What to speak of say, performing a real culling, for example, many wouldn't have the fortitude to endure a basic interrogation or brush with real criminality. The amount of individuals already, who claim to maintain a supposed interest in our organization who evade in fear the moment a real world meeting is mentioned, is absurdly common. A true testament to their mediocrity, looking for nothing more than the validation on an

artificial basis, rather than a real striving for dark attainment. We are not your friends, and to be considered a brother you must really live up to the standards of this brotherhood; something that is earned and not merely given. Let the road to Satan be scattered with those cast aside, especially those failing to meet our standards on even a basic level.

Due to a severe standard of security culture, the particulars of our operations cannot be implored in depth – however, the steps taken to ensure such a high level of clandestine activity should provide some indication. Use of encrypted communication, especially encrypted email and chat, should be the standard at all times. Cellphones should be used sparingly, and a burner should be obtained ideally if possible. Also expect some degree of scrutiny, due to those who would seek to dismantle our organization and efforts. Failure to keep silent at all times, whether in person or online, about the nature of our activities, will result in swift termination and possible harsher measures.

A willingness to go beyond limits, both self-imposed and imposed by others, spiritually, physically and morally, is crucial. To take that one step further, becoming through the process of our training and instruction, something very different than what you were when you entered the organization. The fetters of Judeo-Christian morality, those of the Abrahamic faiths and other white light paths, need to be severely stripped from your being without any hesitation.

Devotional rites, performed both in a solitary capacity, and also as a group, are necessary. The details regarding the same can be furnished upon request. While we do allow some leeway regarding the specifics of one's individual belief system or praxis, a shared unity, devoted to the dark forces and markedly sinister path, is non-negotiable. We are, and we wish to make clear, both a physical brotherhood but also spiritual order, in every sense of the term. Though our premise is such that we are indeed offering something truly unique, there are a select, and very small number of organizations we extend our hand to, and also work with. If you are

contacting us in a group capacity, we have the means to train you, so as long as our aims are truly aligned, also agreeing to continue to function as a larger network within the SF.

One issue we wish to make clear and emphasize adamantly is our stance against the whitewashed Satanism of posers and other pretenders within the “LHP Community”. Defying both logic and reason, they attempt to change a true legacy of darkness into a benevolent movement, more insistent on the social justice issues than diabolism as it was practiced, and as it should be practiced. How a tradition of transgression deteriorated into a spiritual system at times less offensive than New Age and other lackeys remains unclear, but it is something we will not tolerate nor cooperate with. We are concerned with both preserving the legacy of dark deeds done in the physical, as well as continue that trajectory without failure or compromise.

We are selective, and not all will have the mental and physical constitution to thrive in our organization. Emphasizing quality over quantity in our recruitment is our approach. If you do make it

through and are selected for in person activities, consider yourself one of the lucky few worthy of engagement. We hope to bring you to a higher level of practical diabolatry, and all that entails.

Initiation:

The hallmarks of initiation include a preliminary probationary period of six months of frequent engagement. It is during this period that the candidate is assessed on all levels, and assessed on a personal level. This is included with a list of material, both practical and philosophical in nature, the likes of which the candidate should be readily conversant with.

This is of course followed by the mandatory and in person training, the exact details and location to be exchanged in private communication. During this you will also be graded on your acumen with the training matters at hand, personally tailoring specific weak points. The best interest of your ultimate success is at the core of our

intention, selection is simply there to emphasize quality over quantity recruitment.

Following the approval of your guide within the Satanic Front, you will be tasked with engaging in a blood pact to solidify your trajectory both within our spiritual current, but also as one of the brotherhood and family. This is to be documented and sent back to our base of operations. Following that, one may be apprised of the six grades of initiation and the internal structure, the likes of which are closed off to the public for the sake of security culture. It is to be expected that all members remain actively productive, failure to procure over extended periods of time will result in termination, if not swiftly addressed.

In standard operations, an OD green uniform is the prescribed appearance for SF members. This is to include the patch of SF, black boots, as well as a tactical loadout to be furnished upon request. A deep familiarity with each weapon system will be engendered through the in person training provided, along with the tools most pertinent to our operations. For those engaging in missions or

operations in which an alternative uniform is needed (such as appropriate camouflage) such is to be approved firstly, and then must also be consistently uniform among the group of in person operators.

In the same way that the Nazarenes don themselves with articles of clothing said to be the armor of God, within our specified rites and ceremonies (distinct from works of practical operation) the uniform must be black. This symbolizes both an iteration of the Black Mass, as well as symbolic enveloping of the forces of darkness, protecting us in our operations and carrying us further in our symbiotic aims. The SF patch should also be worn in accordance with the monochrome presentation accompanying our devotional rites.

This uniform can also be used in personal ceremonies of significant importance, while in a solitary state, alongside your altar and whatever work you may be engaged in. What is important is that its meaning becomes identical to its occult use, the sacred garb of the Satanic Front and our aims. This is often what is seen in propaganda images from our official outlets. As always, any literary or

photographic contribution needs to be authorized and approved. We are not an decentralized “collective” as is often seen in the Satanic community, everything is to precipitate from the top down, and only work its way up if everything is in accordance with our mission. In this way, a more efficient atmosphere is cultivated.

Individuals may recruit upon fulfilment of the basic rank advancement and with coordination with their guide, however, one can feel free to distribute authorized literature as they see fit. The more our name is known, and the more the terror is spread, the more quality will find its way into our organization. While we have for the most part worked in the shadows, we strongly suspect now is the time most appropriate for making a public appearance. The tide is turning, and we wish to take that change of tide in a considerably darker direction.

As it regards ritual meetings, bloodletting, prayers, animal sacrifice; all things associated with the black mass are permitted for these meetings. Devotional rites need not be incredibly

sophisticated, especially those primary designed to boost morale and comradeship.

Satanic Front Altar:

The altar of Satanic Front members need not be complex, though creative license is granted so as long as the basic requirements are met. This altar serves many purposes, the psychic bond between yourself and the Dark Forces, the means by which to communicate and interact with the same, as well as your psychic link among the greater Satanic Front Brotherhood. Ideally, the Altar is also to be used in an area exclusive for this purpose, although not absolutely required for those in less secure environments. A ritual dagger, one with a functional edge for bloodletting and sacrificial purposes, should be present with any altar. It should also either have a banner of the Satanic Front, or another suitable diabolical seal or sigil. Black and red candles are recommended, along with incense censors, chalices, wands, etc. for those involved in ceremonial magick. This will be discussed further in the document, the rites and rituals specific to our Satanic Front devotional means. A black mirror

is also recommended, but not required, useful for invoking and communing with the dark forces on an intimate level.

Many of our means, and aspects of philosophy itself, are likely to be critiqued by those of the so called “upper echelon” within the fraudulent occult and armchair communities. In fact, to disregard the most simple and straightforward methods for initiating progress on the evil paths would be folly. The “Dark Gods” crave not frill or flair, what they desire and demand is both a real world application of devotion, and a lifestyle in which those forces are allowed to flourish to exist.

The altar, once constructed, should also be photographed and sent to your contact for assessment. We may issue custom recommendations depending upon both the specific constitution and esoteric interests of the aspirant. As we draw from a variety of esoteric traditions, there are a number of ways in which a magical focal altar may be tailored to suit that tradition (so as long as one is on a pointedly diabolic, infernal, or Satanic trajectory.

Serial Killer Rite:

The purpose of this rite is to embody both a serial killer or mass murder you resonate with, while also pushing, and ultimately trampling moral boundaries. An “assumption of Godform” so to speak, except with a human force of evil whose actions exemplify the libertine qualities of Satanism. Following selection of the individual in question, his or her photo is to be placed the altar, serving as the focal point of meditation. A sigil is to be also constructed, using either the method innovated by Austin Osman Spare, composed through the Theban alphabet, using the name of the operator and murderer. The method is secondary to forging the magical link solidifying your connection to the figure on both a physical and spiritual level.

Ritual candles may be lit, black or red; the rite itself spearheaded with a sacrifice of blood (recommended here, you use

your knife specifically utilized in ritual work). In alternative versions of this rite, especially those of a harsher variant, psychedelics may be employed to produce a more tangible immersion. *Salvia divinorum* specifically is recommended for this purpose, a cursory reading of its attributes, especially those of a more potent strain, will reveal its nefarious potentiality.

Smear the sigil and / or photograph with your blood, and begin to enter meditative trance. Visualize yourself as the individual, looking through his eyes, in the course of his rampage. One should strive for this to be immersive as possible. One may notice the presence of other entities, very likely shades attracted to both your heightened state and also the nature of what is being put forth energetically.

Self-flagellation may also be employed, the pain inducing further degrees of frenzy, while also serving to the demonic forces present. Pain, trauma, blood, these are the things that invite the dark forces like a moth to the flame of the aspiring Satanist.

One may end the write to a simple prayer to Satan or the otherwise infernal pantheon, exemplifying both the means to attain His kingdom, as well as seal yourself as an active agent of His will. You may find, following this incredibly simple rite, increased awareness of darkness, as well as the emergence of nefarious qualities and ideation that have not been made manifest prior. Frequency here is also useful, again and again drawing from the mundane reality, into the internal realms of psychic transgression.

It is also useful to investigate the experiences of the killers themselves, through interviews, written accounts, biographies and autobiographies, etc. One thing of very interesting note is their almost universal description of out of body experiences during the act of murder. Such a state is what the enactor of these rites should strive to attain, a psychic union between both you, the murderer, and the dark forces themselves.

It is also interesting to note how many reported, or often defined their homicidal urges as having a spiritual, dark and demonic source. The BTK Killer, for example, identified this force as “factor X”,

and was said to take the form of an odd insectoid creature. No coincidence at all, we suspect, that this description mirrors many of those in classical grimoire tradition and other old system hierarchies of the denizens of Hell.

Ted Bundy, another well-known and notorious character, also described a dark force that would seize his being and compel him into violent acts. While he never made clear a Satanic or occultic affiliation, one can draw between the lines and infer that perhaps a genuine sinister force was being served through his activities and deeds.

Finally, we will mention Son of Sam, who was exceedingly involved with Satanism, witchcraft and black magic to a great degree – the likes of which are coming more to light with recent developments in information and media. There is no doubt that these figures throughout time were channeling something outside of the human realm with their crimes.

We can also draw parallels to Cain, the first murder, and also said to be the first Satanist in many respects. Defying God's orders, and choosing to kill his brother as an act of rage and lawlessness, perverting the harmony that existed within the cosmos.

While we do recognize there are elements of Chaos and lawlessness that are associated with legitimate Satanism, we also take a philosophical stance against those championing an "anti-cosmic" or "acosmic Satanism". It is clear even after basic research of the Satanic current, an intimate link between Satan, the demons and the material realm exist. The notion of destroying the Cosmos, while not only ridiculous and unattainable, also is not sound from an esoteric perspective.

However, with that said, if any of these groups or offshoots is interested in practical training, and working toward goals in tandem with ours, we would be willing to reconcile the differences in philosophical and spiritual approach. What we have found, however, is that not only is their intent misguided, but that they are also lacking in terms of real world deeds and activities, instead,

philosophically musing on a variety of irrelevant subject matter from an armchair perspective.

The anti cosmic sentiment itself, while painted in a “dark” overtone, has more in common with Christianity and repressive forms of Gnosticism than it does Satanism. The material world, and the sinful pleasures of the flesh, have long been associated with the Devil. This contrasts with holiness and divinity, who are said to be above the terrestrial plane and earthly things. Why then would a self-proclaimed Satanist embrace the ascetic view of a Right Hand Path priest or monk?

If any one of these representatives would like to challenge our preconception and partake with us on a physical level, we would love to be proven wrong in this regard.

Even groups such as the LaVeyan Church of Satan, those espousing themselves as non-believers, would be welcome within our fold, so as long as their lifestyle is suitably in line with sinister tangibility, and that their long term goals are aligned as well. We

would be happier to work with an atheist than a self proclaimed Theistic Satanist living a soft, consumerist, and inherently non-Satanic lifestyle.

These Satanists are Satanists in name alone, and should not reflect the attitudes and deeds of legitimate adherents of the dark path. There is also great evidence to suggest that both Anton LaVey of the Church of Satan and Michael Aquino of the Temple of Set were working with the dark forces to a great degree of theism than is commonly believed. While we can already here the whining of so called “traditional and Theistic Satanists”, it is folly to deny the impact they had, what to speak of how many became acquainted with Satanism only after reading through their texts as a gateway. Satanism as it exists today would not exist if not for the contributions of Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan. This is described in later interviews with Aquino, in which he proclaims that both he and LaVey were “in the know” regarding the objective nature of Satan, Set, and the demonic hierarchy.

One who lives according to those principles will manifest and resonate on a level akin to the demonic, whether or not it is known to them or not. As stated, we of the Satanic Front want not a philosophical or armchair group, but real soldiers, shock troopers, and individuals ready to hasten the will of the infernal in the here and now.

Belphegor Consecration:

The purpose of this rite is to imbue ones weapons with a demonic energy, the herald of this operation the demon Belphegor. This is also due in part to his presiding over such tools as provided in

his esoteric descriptions. For the rite you will need the enn of Belphegor, incense of a demonic nature, and the weapons in question.

You may use your altar for this rite, fitted with the implements mentioned. Picking up the weapons in question, wave them over the incense while reciting the enn of Belphegor, and imagine his presence permeating and blessing the weapon. A recommended rotation for each weapon would be nine times, simultaneously offering the weapon as well as invoking his presence into it.

Contemplating the future use of the instruments is also useful, especially before operations of a harsh or demanding nature. No doubt Belphegor will also offer protection in tandem with the blessings for victory. For more advanced practitioners, feel free to end the rite with a more complete invocation of Belphegor, or utilization of a scrying implement in conjuring him forth.

In any case, a materialization of the demon or poltergeist activity may ensue spontaneously. Following the rite, simply thank

Belphegor for his blessings and do not banish, allowing the sinister energies to build up in the ritual space indefinitely.

Satanic Pilgrimage:

The visitation of sites of Satanic sites with historical significance is part of our sinister culture, as well as the creation of the same. The majority of such sites exist in the southern United States, particularly the state of Texas, where we began with humble origins. Once again, we hearken to the uniquely American spirit and ethos of our organization, one which is sure to offend many of a more “globalist” stance. The majority of these sites and their location will be offered only to those who we have developed rapport with, but keep in mind they are crucial to understanding the development of our organization.

We also attempt encourage the creation of new sites of pilgrimage, similar to the ONA “nexion” concept, ours however, authentically stained with real deeds or real activities that have led to progress within the organization. Examples of these include the

destruction of our enemies, whether through magical or physical means, training locations of significance, or areas where adherents have worshipped the dark forces for a considerable amount of time. By doing so, we can facilitate a true “Hell on Earth” scenario, no area untainted by our presence, and entirely polluted with our demonic energy and intent. No area will be safe, and our hands will reach out into every direction, friend, or foe.

Suggested Reading List:

The Grand Grimoire

Grimoirium Verum

Goetia Daemonium

Lesser Key of Solomon

La Bas (*Huysmans, Joris-Karl*)

Book of Coming Forth by Night (*Aquino, Michael*)

Diabolicon (*Aquino, Michael*)

Game of Saturn (*Mark Adams, Peter*)

Demagorgon (*Scavr, Valentin*)

The Black Hand: The Story of Rene "Boxer" Enriquez and His Life in
the Mexican Mafia (*Blatchford, Chris*)

Nightmover: How Aldrich Ames Sold the CIA to the KGB for \$4.6
Million (*Wise, David*)

Project Monarch: Nazi Mind Control (*Patton, Ron*)

Poisoner in Chief: Sidney Gottlieb and the CIA Search for Mind
Control (*Kinzer, Stephen*)

Brainwash: The Secret History of Mind Control (*Streatfeild, Dominic*)

Terror Incarnate

By Bartok Lycus

Achieving a physical manifestation of a demon after a ritual evocation is a great landmark and watershed moment in a sorcerer's life. It is a grand accomplishment that brings many boons of dark empowerment to the magician. Many magicians will go their entire mortal existences without obtaining this victory and they will go down to their graves as unfulfilled empty husks due to this fact. This goal should be a burning imperative for any serious black magician. This marks an unmistakable advancement towards the inner sanctum of Lord Satan. A demon putting in the conscious effort to temporarily take corporeal form to communicate with you is a sign of great respect to you, an indication that the demon finds you worthy of their time and attention. There is a theory that the demon you are summoning scans your psyche and reads your subconscious like a Rorschach test to decide what form or deific mask he shall assume. Depending on the spirit or entity some will choose a form that is least frightening to you but many will choose the form that is most terrifying to you as a sort of harsh trial of worthiness. If you can successfully swallow your fear and stand your ground before a horned behemoth or fanged chimera then they will likely help you make your desires a reality and bring your will into total realization. If you scream bloody murder and run away like a meek coward well

then that will most likely be your final contact with that demon or entity. Don't blow your chance by losing your composure, voiding your bowels and letting your fear rule over you. Remember that fear is a close relative of excitement; with fear there is just more of a pounding heart, adrenaline dump and metallic taste in your mouth. The concept is similar you are braving the unknown and enchanted with the mystery that brings forth, you are wondering what snares or adventures lie ahead. As it concerns our cruel friend fear, it is always tempting to turn away from that locomotive of impending doom barreling down on you like a homicidal juggernaut but if you manage not to back down from the grim challenge the rewards are euphoric and triumphant. Learn through practice with different forms of danger to take a perverse pleasure in fear. It will never be an entirely pleasurable sensation but you can condition yourself into liking some elements of it and forming a love/hate relationship with it. Remember that fear is not an emotion but a primal instinct that reminds you in the marrow of your bones that you are a lowly mammal shivering in the cold darkness of a vast chaotic cosmos that is swirling out of your control. One day you will be crushed and devoured by the cruel and pitiless machine called Mother Nature but until then you will take your destiny by the throat and you won't take no for an answer! It is said that nothing can prepare the magician for the awe-inspiring horror that is a result of witnessing the physical manifestation of a demon. As stated earlier many panic and flee from the unhallowed monstrosity before them. This is a malevolent majesty that will fill you with both dread and otherworldly

wonder. This experience is on a whole other realm than having an astral vision or witnessing a translucent specter. While those things are undoubtedly noteworthy and thrilling especially when first experienced they pale in comparison to the monumental astonishment that results from achieving a physical manifestation of a demon. Being able to reach out and touch the Stygian flesh of the demon and feeling his immortal breath collide against your face like a steamy mist is above and beyond the sensation brought from a transitory specter. Achieving a physical manifestation of a demon is the most intimate and unforgettable communion with the supernatural forces behind the veil and it is also a symbolic gateway to pandemonium. This will leave a hellish stamp of supreme confidence on your forehead inspiring you to forge ahead and take up the mantle of the intrepid seeker and slayer. If you can manage to slow your racing pulse and gaze upon the visage of a true denizen of the underworld you shall be one step closer to receiving the infernal keys you require on your earthly quest of self-mastery and also your infernal baptism into the Kingdom of Hell. So what is the secret for a sorcerer achieving a physical manifestation of a demon? Is there some sort of precise formula to will this High Magick forth? Well there is no clear answer but of course personal research on the matter is encouraged. This is the limited advice I can give to the reader though.

Consistency and dedication to the craft are key, the more daily thought, energy and literal blood you put into this aim the higher your chances of success. A sincere allegiance to Dark Lord Satan is also a prerequisite for success in this

matter. An unwavering black faith in his awesome power will one day metamorphose into a solid knowledge of his immanence. You must drink from his bitter chalice of blasphemy and bind yourself to his will with a genuine fervor. Dabblers and weekend warriors will never be imbued and animated with the fiery breath of the master. In my view being an occult practitioner is half metaphysical science to be studied and replicated and half theatrical poetry where you allow your soul to dance freely in the ether. Neither of these crucial elements should be neglected or you will have an imbalance in your rituals that dilutes their potency. Pay close attention to the details and requirements of ritual and the mechanics of how it is constructed, as well as the order it should be enacted in praxis but also pour your individual spirit and creativity into it. Write your own spells and invocations that reflect your unique passions, this will breathe vitality and life into your magick. So let us call them my brethren! Let their Demonic Enns be our morning hymns and let their sigils be the epicenter vortexes and pinnacles of our nocturnal meditations. Call out in your dreams to the ancient ones and raise the fallen with thy hand! Let us call forth the armored legions of the Nightside and hail their arrival with a maniacal smile. 666! HAIL SATAN!

Animal Sacrifice Ritual:

Note: Blood creates a vortex in hell. Choose an animal of black colour

Setting guard:

At each corner you vibrate "**Pone, Diabolus, Custodiam**" while tracing a inverted pentagram.

The petition to the LORD:

(Chant this as you carve a pentagram into your abdomen. For each bar of the pentagram the chant should be repeated) "Sanctus Satanas!"

My Lord and Master Satan, the night grows cold and the moon shines forth on the lands of the mortals. I stand here before your greatness my Lord in an act of devotion. I ask you my Lord to bless me with your infernal presence so that I may give unto you and the Dark Gods an offering of my gratitude! Through the veils of time oh Lord Satan hear my calls to you, my Master!

Invokation of the Demons of war and Death:

**Satan: Tasa Reme Laris Satan- Ave Satanas
Lucifuge- Eyen Tasa Valocur Lucifuge Rofocale
Belphegore: Lyan Ramec Catya Ganen Belphegore
Abbadon: Es Na Ayer Abbadon Avage
Eurynomous: Ayar Secore On Ca Eurynomous**

My Dark Gods I call thee and ask of thee to smell the blood of sacrifice and hear my words to your glory!

What follows next is any personal prayer by the priest himself. At the apex of prayer the gift is given with the blade.

Now vibrate the following words while you draw an inverted pentagram with the ritual dagger above the carcass; **Sume, Domine Satanas, et suscipe!** *(Take, O Lord Satan, and receive!)*

**at this point you may choose to take a small part of the sacrifice (1/3) to be consumed by yourself at a later time by first saying the following prayer;*

Lord Satan, bless this food to my use, and me to thy service. Fill my heart with faithful praise. Nema!

Now take the remains outside and throw them in the fire to be reduced to ashes:

O Dark Lord! O Demons!

It is to the Honor, Glory and power of Thy Names that I spilled the blood of this creature! I ask thee to receive its ashes as an acceptable offering, Ad Majorem Satanae Gloriam!

The ashes and rest the rest of the remains not consumed by the flames are to be buried either in a graveyard or deep in a wooded area undisturbed by man:

Dominus Satanus Deus Potentiae, Pleni sunt caeli, terra et infernus gloria tua. Hosanna in profundis! Nema!

(Lord Satan, God of Power, Heaven, Earth & Infernus are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the Depths! Nema!)

Raise left hand in the sign of the horns:

Praise, honour, glory and power be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne in the kingdom of Hell, who reigns for ever and ever. Nema!

Written by Rev. Necrowolf & Frater Maleficus XIII

A Prayer Before Reading Satanic Scriptures:

Our Father, who wert in heaven,
sacred is Your Word.
Your Infernal kingdom come,
Your Words be heard on earth as they are in Hell.
Give us today Your Sacred Word.
Punish our neglect of it in the past
as we punish those who neglect us.
Lead us toward an encounter with You
each time we delve into the Unholy Scriptures.
For Your presence, Your power,
and Your glory
are ever present among us
now and forever.
Nema.

Protection Ritual:

Take a fresh black candle and inscribe it with the black hilted knife or a pin with the following words;

Satanas me custodit (*Satan guards me or Satan protects me*)

Satanas me defendit (*Satan defends me*) and an inverted pentagram. Anoint it with myrrh oil. Burn
moss incense, light the candle and say; **Veni Satanas, Rex Infernus!** (*Translation: Come Satan,
Infernal King!*) Protection prayers;

(As I arise today,)
May the strength of Satan pilot me,
The power of Satan uphold me,
The wisdom of Satan guide me.
May the eye of Satan look before me,
The ear of Satan hear me,
The word of Satan speak for me.
May the hand of Satan protect me,
The way of Satan lie before me,
The shield of Satan defend me,
The host of Hell save me.
Nema!

(May Satan shield me today);
Satan with me, Satan before me,
Satan behind me,
Satan in me, Satan beneath me,
Satan above me,
Satan on my right, Satan on my left,
Satan when I lie down, Satan when I sit,
Satan when I stand,
Satan in the heart of everyone who thinks of me,
Satan in the mouth of everyone who speaks of me,
Satan in every eye that sees me,

**Satan in every ear that hears me.
Nema!**

Luciferic flagellation prayer

As normal with all prayer and ritual it is highly suggested that you meditate prior to the act; in doing so you calm your mind and help yourself focus on the coming task.

This prayer is focused on the Luciferic aspect of our Master which is the inner demonically divine light which is in alignment with the sephirot Da'at on the tree of life in the Jewish Kabala.

For this ritual you will only need a whip, I suggest a shortened bull whip or a cat-o-nine tails both being of black leather, and a small prayer altar or you can use your normal ritual altar. You can optionally add music and/or incense to this also, though it is not fully needed. If one does decide on using music and/or incense I suggest for the former Orthodox Devil worship black metal such as Archgoat, Weverin, and old Mayhem (this would be classified as when Dead was vocalist) and as for the incense I suggest Dragons blood, opium, salvia, or sandalwood.

To start this prayer you should stand within an encircled pentagram in front of your altar that points east. The candles that you use, in this case two should only be used, should be of blue, white, or black in color as these are the colors of Lucifer.

Now with your head bowed recite the following prayer:

Father Lucifer, thee that enlightens all with his radiant black light I stand before you to give thanks to you for the gifts you have bestowed upon me and to ask that you enlighten me so that I, a bag of rotting flesh, may better serve thee on this earth and in the next.

Father Lucifer, you are my light and my guidance, you are both alpha and omega. I plead that to you that you may help me find the black light that shines within me and help me better understand it so that I may better do your will and the will of the Demons of the kingdom of Hell. This I plead in your name.

The celebrant should now kneel with head bowed in the encircled pentagram and chant the following:

Dominus Luciferi illuminatio mea (*English translation, Master/Lord Lucifer is my light*)

After chanting this raise up to your feet with your head still bowed and take the whip and lash into your back eleven (11) times.

Then repeat this set of actions eleven times, meaning that you will kneel and chant then rise up and whip yourself eleven times as a whole.

When finished it is time to close the ritual by saying thus and then blowing out the candles:

Thank you Father Lucifer.

Ave Luciferi.

Nema.

A couple of notes to the person wanting to perform this ritual:

First, all the materials are optional unless stated other wise. I wanted to make this ritual as easy to perform as possible as I had a certain some one in mind while writing it.

Secondly, before this ritual or any ritual I highly suggest meditating. You can use some light music of your favorite genre as long as it reminds you of the Master and the Demons also you can use incense to create a relaxing mood. Get into your favorite position, for instance the full lotus or god pose, and take slow deep breaths while inhaling say “Father” and when exhaling say “Satan”. Do this until your mind is quiet and your mind is set on the Master and Him alone. The time varies with people but it takes me 15-30 minutes to do this if the mood is right and the stars and seasons are in line with my energy.

The chamber:

Have a space large enough that you can move freely and tall enough so that you can reach above your head.

Materials:

1. Dagger, may it be sharp and clean if you wish to shed blood in ritual mutilation.
2. Incense, I suggest black opium or dragons blood as it helps with a trance state.
3. Some lightly playing music, such as Weverin’s Lanrete Era Ev album, Archgoats Whore of Bethlehem album, or Biochaos Sea of Choronzon album. Use some music that you enjoy and that reminds you of the Master.
4. Three candles of black, red, or blue to be set in a triangle formation one east, one south, and one north. Also two at the east on the altar making three on the east side one for the point of the triangle and two for the altar.
5. A symbol of Lucifer pendant necklace.
6. An altar area, a table with a black cloth and a pentagram or any symbol of Satan and the candles as stated above. This will do if you do not have a set altar all ready.
7. Cloths of all black or a robe/cloak of all black. Or if you prefer do it in the nude. Any dress will do in the end but try to make it all black.

One note before I write the ritual. When the prayer comes, if you feel the urge to mutilate do indulge full heatedly! Blood, in my opinion is the greatest gift that we can give except for our lives! Also if you would rather masturbate during this time also do so freely ecstasy is ecstasy be it torture or orgasmic bliss! Or you can do none of these at all if you wish!

The ritual of Lucifer’s Light

Light all your candles and incense and start your music. When you are ready, stand in your open space facing east and your altar. Facing east vibrate:

“Malkuth”

While doing this trace a pentagram as shown at the end of this paper with your hand or dagger envisioning it floating in front of you. When you are done making the pentagram, touch the center and imagine it bursting into bright blue flames. All this during the time you are vibrating **Malkuth**.

Now turn south and vibrate:

“Geburah”

Do as you did with Malkuth.

Now turn North and vibrate:

“Binah”

Do as you did with Malkuth.

Now turn to the east again while still envisioning the pentagrams burning around you making a triangle.

Now say:

“Bound by the three in cased in the flesh of the void.”

Now raise your dagger or hand above your head and draw a unicursal hexagram (see diagram) vibrating the spheres as you come to their point.

- 1. Kether**
- 2. Netzach**
- 3. Binah**
- 4. Malkuth**
- 5. Chokma**
- 6. Hode**

7. Kether thus finishing the hexagram.

After doing this envision the hexagram being engulfed in bright blue flames as you touch the center.

Now move your dagger or hand from the center of the hexagram slowly down your body envisioning the line as a bright transparent beam of blue light. As the beam goes with your dagger or hand from your head to your groin envision it going threw you but still illuminating you. When you reach your groin envision the line slowly moving down to your feet and stopping at the ground.

Now while still envisioning the pillar of light down you place your left hand on your right shoulder slowly drawing your hand across your chest to your left shoulder envisioning the line being another beam of blue light. Now out stretch your arms envisioning the beams slowly moving to the fingertips. When you are done and the beams of light have made a cross vibrate:

“Da’ath”

As you do so envision a bright black sphere of light forming where the horizontal and vertical beams of light meet over your heart. Now encircle the black sphere of light with your hands placing the middle fingers together and do the same with the thumbs. Now while envisioning this all say:

“By the six I am powered and by the eleven I am guided.”

Now put your hands to your sides, the beams of light fading away as with the sphere. But the pentagrams of the points of the triangle still burn as bright as before. Now kneel within the triangle and pray:

Father of light and wisdom, the giver of Da’ath I plead that you guide me with thy light and make me one with thy essence. Please, my Master open my eyes so that I may see past these cosmic barriers and transcend its laws. For you my Father I live and die! For eternity and beyond I shall serve thy will! I your slave plead this and ask that you hear my prayers!

In the name of the Father of light and in His endless wisdom and might I pray!

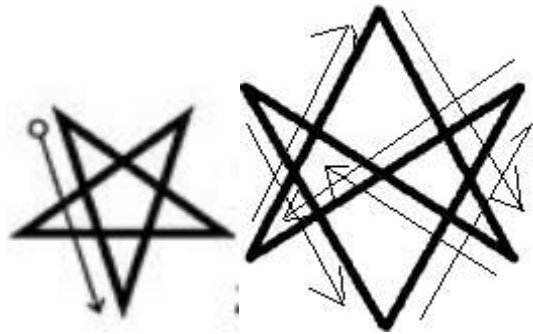
AVE LUCIFER!

NEMA!

Now rise and face north towards the Binah pentagram. Put your hand on the pentagram and feel the heat from the flames and then slowly close your hand over it erasing it. Do this to all the other pentagrams ending with Malkuth in the east and as you do so blow out the candles if you used them. Standing in the now extinguished triangle facing east, say:

**I leave now with the light of Father Lucifer burning in my soul.
So it is done!
Hail Lucifer!**

Diagrams of the pentagram and hexagram to be used above:



On the hexagram the top point is Kether, so that is where you start then move with the arrows.

Rite to Leviathan – TOCS:

This ritual is to be done at night, under a full moon, on the banks of a large body of water such as a lake or river. Prepare a suitable area to light a bonfire before beginning the ritual.

The ritual dagger will be used in this rite as well.

Facing the east, the practitioner calls-

“Leviathan, Queen of the waters of Hell, hear these calls to thy glory and beauty and come bless us with your powerful gaze!”

Now the practitioner lights the bonfire and proclaims:

“Oh Mistress of the deep, your loathed servant sheds his blood to thee!”

Now the practitioner begins to ruthlessly cut his abdomen using the ritual dagger.

“Oh come, Demon of the water, and purify my soul in the name of Lucifer!”

As the blood flows, scatter it into the waters.

“Oh Leviathan queen of Hell’s waters! Leviathan hear my calls to Thy glory!

“Nema!”

Rite to Lucifuge:

This is the rite to Lucifuge, one of the more hostile Demons to the human race. He is the Demon of pestilence, plague, war, death, and sex. His offerings are to be blood, animal sacrifice, and sulfur incense.

A word of warning working with this Demon, if you do not feel a distinct draw and absolute need to work with this Demon, do not. Again, Lucifuge is one of the less friendly Demons to humans.

At dusk, when there is barely any light left, you will enter the ritual chamber. Using a lit incense coal, pour a tablespoon or so of sulfur on it. You will want to vacate the chamber for at least an hour because the sulfur monoxide and dioxide fumes are poisonous to humans. This prepares the room for the presents to Lord Lucifuge. Once the room is breathable, you may enter and place in a suitable area the animal which is to be sacrificed. A black rooster is typical but any black game bird will suffice. You will want to hang the sigil of Lucifuge upon your altar. You will also want to prepare a clay medallion etched with the sigil of Lucifuge upon which the blood of the sacrifice will be spilled.

Call the four elementals-
(Lucifer, east, Flereous, south, Belial, west, Leviathan, north)

Oh Lucifuge hear me, thy vessel of death

The transformation is complete, Lord

I have become death, destroyer of worlds

Oh hear this corpses' cries of agony, Lucifuge

Hear them and delight!

**Oh the whimpering and suffering of the raped and murdered fill my mind
And the smell of the decomposing flesh fills my nose.**

Come oh Lucifuge!

**Bringer of plague and suffering!
Come and fill this empty corpse!**

**Oh Lucifuge, most loved of Father Lucifer I beg of you to come
And bless this chamber with thy presence!**

**Hear the cries of the mutilated and the tortured
Thy sacred hymns of disharmony!**

Come oh Lucifuge!

Come and partake of the flesh of sacrifice!

(Take the sacrificial machete/ax/Kukuri and behead the sacrifice, letting the blood flow over the altar, pooling on the medallion of Lucifuge.)

**Oh come my Lord and partake of the suffering! For I suffer for thee!
So that you may tear the flesh and muscle from my bones and fashion me to the will of
the and the Father!**

(Take the invocation dagger and begin to make shallow but blood producing cuts upon your abdomen. Do this till you feel Lucifuge is appeased or you lose consciousness.)

Oh Lucifuge smell the blood sacrifice of your humble servant! Come and feast upon all I have to offer!

(You will now smear your blood upon the sigil of Lucifuge that is hung on the altar and also place some on the medallion.)

**Oh Lucifuge come and hear me cry your hymns of suffering!
Oh come and fill this vessel!**

(You will now take the ritual whip and flog your back till bloody. Whilst doing so, allow any of your natural screams to fill the air of the chamber, for the screams of suffering are most pleasing to Lucifuge.)

(Once this is done, face the altar on your hands and knees with your head lowered)

Thank you Lucifuge, I am most blessed for the suffering you bestow upon me so that I may become the God I wish to be!

Praise Death!

Praise Murder!

Praise Suffering!

Nema!

Rusted Nails of Faith

By Bartok Lycus

A shirtless Ian fueled with nervous anticipation and clothed in black jeans and moth-eaten socks paced back in forth in his room on a dusky November evening, simultaneously daydreaming and contemplating his future life choices. His bedroom window was half- open to the slight breeze and every now and then he would catch a glimpse of the purplish clouds of twilight as he paced around his messy room, working up the courage necessary for the task ahead. Darkness would fall soon and he knew if he was going to call the number on the business card given to him by one of the twin brothers it should be now rather than later. He had patiently waited a full seven days from his last contact with them so as not to come off as too eager and needy. He would call this evening and not wait too long though because there might be a risk of the trio thinking that he had lost interest, which most certainly was not the case. In fact they were all he could think about this whole week. He even dreamt of them a few times. They were even beckoning to him in his sleep. He grabbed his cellphone from the top of his cluttered bookshelf and then quickly dialed the number on the sleek business card. To his disappointment there was no answer to his call and no machine to leave a message on either, it just kept ringing and ringing. His heart sank into his stomach. This couldn't be the anticlimactic end to the story that would be a travesty that he would be unable to accept. Ian sighed heavily and exited the call. Before he could place the cellphone down it vibrated and he received a text message. The vibration of the phone shocked him and he dropped the phone to the carpet. He scooped up the phone and glued his eyes to the screen. The brief message on the bright digital screen contained an address and

the following message *Be here at exactly midnight, if you fail at this simple task we will never see or hear from each other again.* Ian's pulse quickened and he felt a shot of adrenaline through his body. The message seemed to be a command and not an invitation. Ian searched up directions on his phone for the fastest way to get to the destination. The address was located in the industrial district of downtown in an area he was unfamiliar with, this unfortunate fact made him curse under his breath. Then he saw that it would take about four hours to get to the destination on foot, he cursed again but more audibly this time. He needed to leave as soon as possible to make sure he wouldn't be late and miss the appointment. He didn't own a car and he didn't have any money currently for a rideshare service so the only option available to him was his bicycle, it would have to do. He rushed to his closet and pulled off a Skinny Puppy Too Dark Park T-Shirt from its wire hanger, a personal favorite of his, the front of the dark electronic-industrial band's shirt was adorned with images of writhing amoebas and mutant fish. Next he put his long thick hair into a ponytail and put on a black trucker cap with a classic Jolly Roger emblem embroidered on the front. Then he slapped on some old army boots which were peeking out from under his bed and laced them tightly for his long journey ahead. He grabbed his MP3 player and put in some ear-buds. Music is fuel and he would need plenty of fuel for this grueling mission tonight, his poor legs were already tired at the mere thought of it. He went into the garage and grabbed his bicycle and then slowly wheeled it out of the front door of the house, not worrying about alerting his father or grandmother as they had retired to their bedrooms early. He closed the door lightly and quietly behind him and then he was sitting on the seat and pedaling mildly to build up some momentum. He turned on his MP3 player and listened to dark ambient and dungeon synth music most of the way there. He was grateful that most of the ride was on flat terrain or was moderately at a downhill slope. He stayed on sidewalks as much as possible, occasionally traveling on the shoulder of roads when he was forced to.

Thankfully the ride was going smoothly and he enjoyed the rush of cool air against his bare arms and face which invigorated him and blessed him with energy. The ride back home would be a brutal pain in the ass but he would worry about that later. Now the only important thing was that he arrived at the address on time to prove he was serious. Serious about what? Becoming some type of Satanic acolyte he thought licking his lips at the flood of morbid curiosity that came with that notion. It felt like he was about to join some malevolent street gang that was also a magickal coven of some sort. Maybe his imagination was running wild and the situation would turn out to be more ordinary than that but he really didn't think so, not after the extraordinary first impression he received of this curious familial trio. With the symphonic sound of electronic keyboards and synthesizers pulsing in his ear he pedaled faster with a youthful zeal towards the far-flung proximity of his newfound friends, sailing almost weightlessly it seemed through the inky blackness of night on rapidly rotating wheels. As he rode onward the temperature began to drop and he began regretting not wearing a jacket for this ride but as he continued to pedal and get his heart rate up the strenuous exercise began to compensate for the gathering cold and the goose bumps on his flesh died down, replaced by a warming perspiration. Soon on his bicycle journey he began to fade into consuming daydreams and he felt like a dissociated torpedo of flesh and bone traversing vast expanses of concrete. He kept his alert eyes fixed on the grey and dismal spaces in front of him as a sea of blurring mist seemed to swim past and evaporate in his peripheral vision. A crash at this breakneck speed would mean a major injury and probably broken bones and a concussion or worse so he held the handlebars tight and straight and kept his fingers ready on the brakes in case some emergency obstruction appeared on his path. Soon he found himself dramatically slowing his speed of travel and struggling up an immense hill. Eventually it got so steep that he got off of his bike and walked, pushing the bicycle up the hill. When he surmounted the large incline his feet were

throbbing, lungs were burning and the muscles of his overworked legs were fatigued so he decided he had earned himself a fifteen minute break to recharge his batteries. He checked his cellphone and the glowing screen showed that it was an hour until midnight and he only had a few miles left until he reached his destination. He was elated that he had successfully made such good time and now he could lie much of his anxiety to rest for the time being. He breathed in deep through his nostrils and took his time regaining his stolen breath and stared at the dark horizon. A fat full moon hung glowing in the sky like a bulbous lamp that seemed to be pregnant with nocturnal promise. The night was young after all and it would soon be time to see what tricks these magicians had up their sleeves. Before Ian knew it he had arrived at his destination. He found himself standing in front of a condemned mechanics shop. Ian parked his bike against one of the corroded garage doors and looked around for signs of life but saw none. He looked at his cellphone again and realized that he was twenty minutes early so he sat down with his back against a large garage door, turned off his MP3 player and rested his aching legs while staring up into the vast and quiet sky above. Ian felt an unexpected tranquility descend upon him like a falling blanket, a serenity so striking it felt like a gift from some invisible deity. He remembered once stealing a few Valium from his friend's mother's purse a few years back and then once he had returned home with the stolen pills swallowing them with a tall glass of microwaved milk. The sedating effects that followed had been quite blissful like he was swimming in a sea of manna. Every knot in his muscles, every ache in his body, all the stress in his nerves and psychic strain in his mind seemed to completely disappear for a few hours. He was made of silken moonlight now and serene comfort radiated from his every pore. He had put on some mystical sounding Neo-Folk music and lied down in only his boxer briefs on the caressing carpet and closed his eyes and done some astral projection exercises. The whole experience was notably cleansing and liberating, as if washing his aura clean from decay. That's kind of how he felt

right now he realized, except the feeling was more organic and natural and had come on like a compassionate kiss from the wind. Doing drugs always felt like crudely cheating the system, forcing your biology to have a certain chemical reaction in accordance with your hedonistic desires. In that way it stank of desperation and after the elation of the synthetic high always followed a sort of empty powerlessness. Even with natural highs though it was a simple matter of gravity that what goes up must come down Ian supposed glumly. Whatever though Ian thought dismissing his worries, the perils of the future be damned for now he felt good and all was right with the still and quiet world. Before he knew it Ian saw two blurry figures approaching the mechanics garage from the distance, this revelation broke him out of his peaceful reverie. As the two figures got closer Ian could see that they were two males in their early or mid-twenties. They were roughly the same average height at around 5'10 or 5'11 and both were physically fit and well-toned from exercise. They were both old-school metalhead types wearing blue jeans and death metal shirts that looked like they stepped right out of an 80's Morbid Angel concert. Both men had long curly black hair down to their shoulders that was chopped short in the front in a type of mullet style. That is where the similarities in physical appearance ended though. One of the metal-heads had a crooked nose and a generous spattering of freckles on his face, a darker skin tone and brown eyes, an olive complexion that made Ian believe he might be a Sicilian. The other metal-head had vibrant green eyes and a much more masculine jawline as well as thin lips. The Sicilian metalhead had a large green duffel bag slung over one of his broad shoulders that seemed to be weighed down by something metallic. Every time he moved you could hear the sharp clanging of some type of equipment inside. Ian stood up from his resting place.

"Are you Ian?" the green-eyed metalhead asked.

"Yes I am" Ian responded reaching out his arm for a handshake.

The green-eyed metalhead looked at Ian's hand like it was a vial of AIDS

infected blood and simply shook his head with a cold empty expression on his face.

“I know that you dumb shit, it was a rhetorical question” the metalhead barked. Ian withered inside and took a step back, shocked by the rudeness and seeming hostility of his new acquaintance.

“I’m just messing with you man. I’m a smart ass like that. You will learn that real soon” the green-eyed metalhead said and then reached out his arm for a handshake with a smirk spreading across his face. The Sicilian metalhead chuckled. Ian took his hand and gave it a few strong pumps.

“So are you ready for your initiation rite tonight? If you complete this task you will be baptized in blood into the Luciferic Circle, you know one of us one of us gooble gobble gooble gobble type of thing”

“I’m ready” Ian confirmed with a bit of a stammer in his voice.

“Okay then well let us not waste any more time, we have some digging to do boys, just follow our lead” the metalhead said and began to depart from the mechanics garage.

His Sicilian friend followed him, his duffel bag resuming it’s crude symphony. Ian followed behind the Sicilian. The two metalheads crossed a couple of dark empty streets and then took a left at a giant and dead gnarled oak tree. Ian began to have heart palpitations as he followed behind them. His worst fears were confirmed when between the steel bars of a wrought iron gate he saw rows upon rows of grim tombstones sticking out of a vast expanse of lush green lawn. They were going to make him do some grave robbing. He imagined pulling some rotting corpse out of its coffin and staring into its desecrated skeletal face. He vomited a bit in his mouth at the horrid thought and swallowed the foul acidic concoction back down. In his head he seriously considered backing out of this hellish quest and running back home with his tail in-between his legs. Maybe this whole thing had been a huge mistake. He could go to prison for a long time for this as grave robbing was surely a felony. Just when it seemed like he was

about to surrender to what he saw as cowardice and failure he remembered Raven's kiss and the smell of her intoxicating perfume. That seductive allure and mystique was enough to get him to steel his nerves and soldier forward. His fear did not evaporate but he kept his mind and will fixed on what he saw as a higher objective, the black rainbow of ecstasy on the horizon. The metalheads found a ruined and destroyed section of the wrought iron gate and slipped through into the large cemetery. Ian followed behind them, the dead leaves crunching beneath his old army boots sounded uncomfortably loud in the gloomy silence. He felt like the fearful protagonist in a horror movie now, unsure of what type of nest of terrors he might stumble into at any moment. "Ever do any recreational grave robbing Ian?" the green-eyed metalhead jested. His Sicilian friend snickered with glee at the morbid joke.

They walked past a few arched and solemn stone mausoleums.

"Don't worry man once we find the right grave we will help you dig but with the rest of it you are on your own buddy" the strong-jawed metalhead remarked.

Ian wanted to respond but with the enormity of the situation facing him he was at a loss as to what to say so he just stayed silent while trying to control his rising anxiety levels. They were walking over the resting places of the dead and soon one of these corpses would be exhumed, a violation and disgrace it could hardly consent to. Ian hoped that it would just be a dusty pile of bones gathered in the center of some casket. That wouldn't be so bad would it? The three walked around in the cemetery for fifteen or twenty minutes before they found the particular grave they were looking for. The Sicilian metalhead dropped his green duffel bag to the lush earth below and pulled out three spades. What is so special about this grave? Ian wondered this to himself while he read the engraving on the tombstone in front of him which seemed to be their target for desecration. Engraved into the tombstone was a highly detailed expert illustration of an Archangel who was holding some type of celestial lamp in his right hand. The eerie epitaph engraving on the elegant and expensive tombstone

turned Ian's blood into ice water. *Eric Hawthorne 2013-2021- To our dearest son torn from us too soon, now a smiling Cherubim at the gates of Elysium, your eternal spirit our daily breath, Love Mother and Father.* Holy Hell Ian thought to himself, this is the grave of a small boy a little child. He liked to fancy himself an amoral Satanist but he would be lying to himself if he said he didn't notice the pangs of guilt gnawing inside of him right now, things were kind of different in actual direct practice it seemed. It didn't matter though because he was still going through with it goddamnit. With a mask of fierce determination glued to his face he grabbed the spade that the Sicilian metalhead handed to him. "Alright boys it's time to start digging, make it rain goofer dust, breathe in the unhallowed death and be edified" the green-eyed metalhead said.

He plunged his stained silver spade into the earth below and tossed the clumps of dirt behind him. Ian and the Sicilian metalhead followed his lead and began digging. At first the resistance of the cemetery ground was stubborn as if shielding unknown treasures below and Ian could not make any progress on his ghastly task but after a while his hungry spade began successfully began slicing through the ground like a knife through flesh and he disposed of his wretched payload in a growing mound behind him. The moist mound to his rear was soon swarming and writhing with a myriad of worms and insects. Ian saw a brightly colored centipede slither across one of his army boots; his skin crawled and he kicked it off with his other boot and continued his digging labors. Ian paused for a moment from his grim work and took a careful and cautious look around the cemetery, half expecting to see the glowing torch of an alerted groundskeeper. As long as he could complete the grave robbing initiation quest and avoid a felony charge as well everything would be gravy, smooth sailing from there with the worst behind him. Keep your eye on the prize he told himself as he thought about the petite sexy figure of the little Gothic Raven. He felt a rush of blood to a certain lower part of his anatomy. Was it really possible to get an erection while grave robbing? He chuckled to himself as he continued digging. The two

metalheads displayed their strength in their effective digging skills. They also dug in an extremely disciplined and mechanical way, their technique seemed nearly perfected. Experienced grave robbers Ian thought, this definitely wasn't their first rodeo so to speak. Ian was astonished to see that the wooden casket in the gouged earth below was already beginning to show. Ian couldn't quite put a finger on how long they had been digging but it didn't seem like too long. They all cleared the remaining dirt from the primitive coffin with their spades. Ian was confused at this discovery six feet under. The dead boy's impressive tombstone seemed like it had been erected by a wealthy family but his coffin seemed almost medieval in its crude simplicity. Ian counted nine rusty nails driven through the perimeter of the lid of the coffin. All three of them were now down in the cavity of the earth and were surrounding the dead boy's coffin. The green-eyed metalhead smiled proudly and handed Ian a claw-hammer.

"Rip out the nails friend and be sure to do clean pulls so you don't break them. Then once you have collected them. Hand me the nails. Got it?" Green-eyes said.

Ian nodded his head and got to work. It was tough at first but then when he put some elbow grease into it and his bodyweight behind the efforts the rusty nails were pulled through the burst splinters of the coffin one by one until he was finished. The rusty nails were freezing like necrotic icicles in his hand and they were the platelet color of dried blood. Ian couldn't hand these cursed objects to the green-eyed metalhead fast enough and the metalhead took them and dropped them into a maroon pouch and then pulled it close with the yellow drawstrings of the pouch before pocketing it.

"Okay now comes the fun part, the grand finale of our lovely quest and you are the lucky one who gets to do it Ian. Open the coffin and hand me the corpse" green-eyed metalhead said.

Ian nodded and braced himself for impact, trying not to breathe through his nose once the horror within was exposed. He grabbed the decayed coffin lid with both

hands and tossed it off. A strong chalklike odor exploded from the coffin as soon as it was opened like a burst of invisible bone powder. Inside the coffin was the small skeleton of the eight year old boy with his bony hands resting on a shriveled chest. He was wearing some type of tan Boy Scout's uniform and the partly disintegrated uniform was partially eaten away by insects revealing a ribcage that had patches of discolored mummified skin stretched across it. The hollows of the skull had discolored leathery patches of decayed skin stuffed into them almost as if manually by human fingers. Ian expected to feel fear and horror but as he stared numbly down at the mummified skeleton of the young boy he felt nothing but sadness. He reached down and put his hands underneath the armpit of the small skeleton and then lifted him out of the hole, handing the perished boy to the metalhead who stood above the cavity in the earth with eagerly outstretched hands.

The strong-jawed metalhead carefully laid the boy's skeleton on the grassy earth in a spot undisturbed by the mounds of dirt.

"Alright Ian I must say I am extremely impressed by your performance tonight and you certainly have proved yourself. Ludwig will be getting a stellar report concerning you that I can assure you. Now as a celebration of our success we will do a type of celebratory ritual if you will but first I must ask you to hand over any electronic devices you might have on your person" the green-eyed metalhead said.

Ian looked up at him quizzically. He found it to be an odd request.

"Sorry but may I ask why?" Ian asked.

"Sure" the metalhead responded in a seemingly friendly manner, "Many of the rituals we perform can be interrupted by that type of modern technology. When we are trying to summon a certain current to work with digital items tend to cancel that out. It's like opposing currents being crossed that cancel each other out if that makes sense"

Ian crawled out of the hole and stood next to the pale-skinned metalhead. That

explanation had satisfied him so he reached into his pocket and removed his cellphone, handing it to the metalhead. A second after the green-eyed metalhead grabbed the cellphone his other hand sprang out in a violent striking manner and a black widow was tossed onto Ian's face. As soon as the venomous black widow landed on his face it bit deeply and piercingly into the bridge of his nose. Ian screamed in terror as he blindly stumbled backwards in disoriented shock and pain. He managed to smack the black widow with a desperately flailing hand and it was partially crushed against his cheekbone and fell injured and crippled into a pile of dirt near his army boots. His vision rapidly began to dim and all of a sudden his limbs were like immovable anvils. The next thing he knew he was being hauled by the two strong metalheads into the hole in the earth. They put him in the dreaded chalk-smelling coffin and covered it with the coffin lid. Then they made fast work of nailing the coffin shut with their claw-hammers using new nails they had brought with them. At this point Ian was half-conscious and could barely move, he tried to speak to plead for mercy but pathetic moans and groans were the only things that escaped his contorted mouth.

"Sorry Ian but orders are orders. Whether we come back for you or not is not up to me but either way you will taste damnation and you will learn something from it" The green-eyed metalhead said sealing Ian's fate.

Ian could hear the Sicilian metalhead snickering.

"Shut up idiot!" The other metalhead barked in annoyance.

They crawled out of the hole and began to shovel dirt down onto what was now likely his grave. Ian could feel tears forming at the corners of his eyes. Maybe there was a God and this was him punishing Ian for his innumerable sins. At this point he was willing to pray to anyone or anything if it meant a sliver of hope of escaping this cruel fate. Every clump of dirt that fell onto the lid of his coffin fed his overwhelming claustrophobia and crushing feeling of impending doom, every clump of dirt that fell onto the lid of his coffin he could feel in the marrow

of his bones. He lost consciousness for a few hours and he had a vivid dream while in the bondage of the dark coffin. He dreamed of the little Gothic Raven approaching him in an enchanted moonlit valley. Their lips did not move to communicate but instead they communicated telepathically. Her voice danced inside his mind like silver bells. Running into her embrace he met her halfway in the sunken moonlit valley. In their telepathic communications she promised him a passionate lover's kiss. He approached her seeking his amorous prize and she wrapped her delicate hands around his neck and stared deeply into his eyes, longingly and lovingly. Her glistening red lips neared his eager mouth but she then shape- shifted into a venomous black widow that attached herself to the bridge of his nose and pierced him with her treacherous fangs. Ian woke up screaming, banging his head impotently against the lid of his sealed coffin.

The Lucid Hollow

By Bartok Lycus

Ian rested his head on his pillow as he laid back in his bed staring down at the sleek and professional business card he held in his hand. It was a quiet and muggy summer night and his ceiling fan was on full blast in an attempt to combat soggy sheets and sweaty limbs. His long light-brown hair was pulled into a beefy pony tail which trailed down at his slim waist. He liked to strike a balance between the physical appearance of a Norse Heathen and a 60's Manson family hippie and he felt he was successfully riding that train so to speak. He was wearing his usual casual outfit for just lounging around the house mindlessly. A dirty white wife beater stained heavily with the mustard of his evening sandwich, a pair of torn up blue jeans so hopelessly shredded at this point it had almost become some type of primitive redneck loincloth and of course his highly esteemed Area 51 Alien shades. The green oval shaped lenses of these peculiar novelty sunglasses allowed him to view the world through a pleasing psychedelic tint. A Black Sabbath vinyl record was spinning on his desk beneath the open window and providing his soundtrack for the night. Around Ian on the bed were a handful of papers torn from a spiral notebook. The pages had precise Goetic sigils scrawled across them and rough drawings accompanying them depicting the various spirits as bloodthirsty monsters, downtrodden and bruised angels or shadowy ghouls. Ian's undying passions were true crime and the occult. Unfortunately these hobbies were things he had to hide from his father and his religious Grandmother that he shared a home with. His kind and loving Grandmother whom he adored was a Christian Jesus freak who went to sacrament every Sunday and regularly read her Bible and his

father was at least nominally Christian. So his insatiable appetite for murder and the black arts had to be kept under the radar as much as possible. In their old house he had managed to smuggle in a fairly impressive secret library of occult and true crime materials that he hid in a few large shoeboxes in the crawlspace above his room. His old house was incinerated by a fire that was borne of mysterious origins. His whole wretched state of California seemed to be a tinderbox destined for perpetual inferno lately. The widespread wildfires had gotten so bad that his internet connection was frequently disrupted by the fires and this inconvenience bothered him much more than the actual damage caused by the flames. Oh well he thought maybe that is for the best on both counts. Burn baby Burn! Ian sometimes wondered if he was some type of somnambulist pyromaniac. Maybe his subconscious just wanted to torch everyone and everything to ashes including himself and his family. *Cleanse it all with fire as fire brings the final tranquility.* He didn't really wonder about this though. He just watched far too many true crime documentaries about abnormal psychology. The guy with the black beret and silver teeth who had given him the business card the night before in the smoker's pit of the black metal concert was quite the alluring enigma. So much so that he was surprised to discover he didn't dream the whole extraordinary event. He had gone to see a black metal band play at a local seedy dive bar which was a frequent haunt of his called 'The Lucid Hollow'. It was a decent black metal show but nothing special to be honest. In fact he had already forgotten the name of the band but what had stuck in his memory and made an indelible impression on his brain were the bizarre and unique characters which fate had seen fit to introduce him to. These people were like characters out of an old and classic 'Tales From The Crypt' episode or maybe a high-brow classy horror movie. Ian was used to people being dreadfully boring and predictable and these people he had met last night were anything but that. They had genuine style, heartfelt sincerity and glowing intelligence and this intrigued him to learn more about them. But more than

anything these people promised great adventure which was something he could not turn down, even if it carried certain heavy risks for him to pursue that adventure. Ian had paid the annoyed looking burly doorman twenty dollars to get into the musky dive bar and see the show. Of course he had to get the big black X's of shame marked onto the back of his hands since he was only eighteen and not yet of legal drinking age. As usual though being the stealthy and skilled thief he was he managed to put on a strong buzz by stealing other peoples beer and mixed drinks while they foolishly had their backs turned on their coveted alcoholic beverages. He would fiendishly chug their cans of Budweiser or Pabst Blue Ribbon in a matter of seconds, crush the cans and toss the mangled evidence into the nearest trashcan. His victims were none the wiser to his greedy predatory scavenger schemes and he had never been caught in the act as of yet. He would sometimes hear the angry complaining and impotent stomping of feet when someone had noticed their beer had been stolen but by that time he was just a ghost in the crowd. The small venue was claustrophobically packed to the point where you couldn't really walk around without doing a bit of rude shoving. The local black metal band who were the headliners for the night were on stage decked out in their corpse paint, platform boots and spiked gauntlets. The mangled and distorted amplified barks of the husky bearded vocalist melded together with discordant heavy thrashing guitars to create a sonic assault of malice and sorrow which sharply blasted out of the massive speakers of the surround sound system. A mosh pit started in the rowdy and raucous audience below the stage and it gradually grew in ferocity and violence as the drunken longhaired metal heads shoved and elbowed their way around the chaotic circle with reckless abandon. Ian loved a good mosh pit as much as the next inebriated idiot but he had to be in the right mood to partake in such vulgar shenanigans. A lot of time he preferred to just be a lone wolf off in some shadowy solitary corner watching the show and enjoying the music. No matter how good the music when you were being knocked around like a brain-

scrambled ragdoll in a nuclear powered washing machine all music just sounded like explosive diarrhea. Of course some would claim that being adverse to mosh pits makes you a poser. Ian would call these people shit-eating retards. This quiet and calm reverence for the art of live music is exactly what he was engaged in this night before odd circumstances thrust him into the uncharacteristic role of the altruistic hero. Ian loved the darkly abrasive yet mystical black metal genre and the bleakly arcane emotions it evoked in him. Even some of the most mediocre and generic black metal had a way of making him feel like he was romantically wrapped tight in the insidious embrace of the unholy black wings of some nurturing demoness or like he was wandering through a haunted canyon with an infinite procession of phantoms rushing by him whispering their esoteric secrets from beyond the grave. The mosh pit had grown into an ugly pitiless monster and it was beginning to suck in non-consenting concert goers into its fray. Mosh pits had an inevitable way of producing this type of collateral damage, sucking in poor innocent bastards into the violent vortex of flying elbows and raging fists. This could be an amusing and humorous spectacle unless you were the misfortunate one being devoured by the hellish vortex. A couple of tall Goth dudes with Flock of Seagulls haircuts and dressed in tight and reflective pleather shirts that were thin as rails and probable cocaine addicts got swallowed by the maelstrom and around a minute later Ian saw them crawling out of the fray, dazed and wounded. That was when Ian laid eyes upon the Gothic beauty whose physical appearance had him spellbound and drooling. She was a small and petite pretty little thing, barely over five feet tall in bulky combat boots. She had thick and delicate dyed purple hair that was parted in the middle. An obsidian stud in her left nostril gleamed like dead stardust and a flawless pale face glowing with vibrant youth like that of a porcelain doll. A silver inverted pentagram earring hung loosely from her left earlobe. She was wearing a tight leather skirt which was decorated with various bondage chains and straps and which complimented and

exaggerated the lines and indents of her tight buttocks which had become an obsessive focal point for Ian's hungry eyes this evening. The glowing and inviting whites of her thighs which peaked out through the holes of fishnets seemed far superior to the pearly gates of heaven. Through those sinful beckoning fleshy gateways carnal absolution awaits. This seemed to be a promise written in stone. She looked like she could have stepped right out of a 1980's zombie film and Ian was quite smitten with her upon first glance both in a sexual sense and a foolhardy romantic sense. It was times like these when his remaining virginity seemed to be a heavy burden on his heart, a lingering curse in which he could not seem to rid himself of despite his best efforts. As he stared at this perfect Gothic fuck-doll of his X-Rated dreams which floated like an iniquitous ballerina and pranced in his field of vision like a gloomy fairy he licked his lips with hedonistic desire. He vowed to himself to become efficient in the art of lust magick to obtain the high quality flesh he truly thirsted after. She was sucking on some type of dark cherry lollipop and feigning a childlike innocence. It was at this time that Ian was dismayed to learn he wasn't the only male in the venue with his eyes glued to this smoky vixen. Girls like this knew just how to torture men's hormones and drive them mad with their irresistible sensuality and they take great pleasure in doing this. Femme Fatale's using their sexuality as a control mechanism and as a weapon against men truly being the most sadistic and baneful type of black magick. Ian thought back on some cheesy poem he had written a few years back in a creative writing class in high-school which described his love/hate relationship with women. *"Demon Goddess of lust so sinfully voluptuous, who says you can look but you cannot touch! And don't look for too long you pervert I'm more than a piece of meat you know! I am more than just an object to be used and then disposed!"* His leftist progressive liberal feminist teacher didn't seem to appreciate the genius of these verses of his. The Gothic princess now twirled against her sugar painted tongue the spherical piece of hard candy which seemed to bleed at the active

stimulation of the vixen's tongue. A glistening seductive tongue that was now impressed with cherry candy swirls, Ian wanted to suck this tongue out of her mouth. This frail and fertile Gothic princess then was pulled into the swirling gravitational destruction of the mosh pit. Ian's strained heart lurched forward in his tightened chest at this unexpected development. No one seemed to notice that the petite punker had been sucked into the tornado of violence or else they did not care and were entirely indifferent to the punishment her fragile and delicate form was about to endure. Ian bound and temporarily paralyzed by the sudden surge of anxiety and excitement for a few moments finally broke out of his inaction and quicksand and marched forward to attempt to rescue the purple-haired girl. He had to formulate some strategy to liberate her from the belly of the beast. He couldn't just go charging into the mosh pit blindly without a plan or he would be consumed by the human tornado. After all he was a little over six feet tall in stature but he weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds soaking wet. He did not want to be crippled in this bold attempt to save her and just end up humiliating himself in the process. But on the other hand he knew if he just stood here thinking about it too long he would be consumed by doubt, overwhelmed with fear and never act at all. He waited anxiously for a few more moments until he saw a slight opening in the mad stomping dance of the bar room floor. Ian rushed in and almost instantly received a sharp elbow to his ribcage, a stinging blow which nearly made him lose his balance in the midst of the mosh pit and caused him to let out an involuntary howl of pain before he caught himself and centered his stance and continued on with his singular mission. He saw the female object of desire laying in a tightly constricted fetal position with her small delicate forearms crossed over her head as a feeble defensive measure against the angry stomping horde which mindlessly and violently flailed around her. He soldiered forth in the chaos and knelt before placing his hands in the hollows of her armpits and beginning to walk backwards, dragging her lithe form towards safety to pull her out of the fray.

The petite girl in his grasp weighed next to nothing so thankfully this wasn't too much of a struggle. Ian received a harsh knee to the small of his back which almost made him fold forward and collapse upon his damsel in distress but once again he resisted with all the strength in his constitution and was able to escape the mosh pit with his female prize relatively unscathed. The attractive girl slowly returned to her feet with a mildly dazed expression on her face. Ian removed his hands from her armpits and fumbled for something relatively charming to say.

"Are you alright?" was the best he could manage at the moment.

"I think so, I thought I was dead meat for a second there, looks like I have a hero to thank" The slim purple-haired girl said before standing on her tiptoes to kiss Ian on the cheek.

Ian blushed and as blood rushed to his face he turned red as a ripened tomato at the sentimental token of gratitude and affection. He hoped she wouldn't comment on this but to his dismay she did causing even more blood to flood his face.

"Awww you are blushing! So cute I love a sensitive soul. A rare thing these days" She said in a saccharine voice before issuing a sweet giggle which made Ian's flesh swarm with electric tingles.

"You're welcome and it's no big deal, I mean I hope someone would do the same for me" Ian responded.

"No way you would need rescue handsome! You have proved yourself to be a true warrior. A fearless slayer of dragons!" The spunky little sprite said, placing a playful and affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"So what's your name rugged cowboy? All my friends call me Raven but maybe if you get to know me better you can learn my boring birth name that my bitch of a mother gave me" said the petite female.

"Ian, a pleasure to meet you" he said with a nervous smirk and held out his hand lamely.

In a gleeful manner she twirled and took firm hold of one of his upper arms, ignoring his request for a handshake.

“You must meet my brothers Ian. I think you would be a big hit with the cult!”

She said in a singsong voice.

She led him past the stage to a corroded iron door which led out to a smoker's pit behind the dive bar. The area at the rear of the dive bar was a large gravel pit that was surrounded with a metal perimeter of tall chain-link fence. A few wooden benches were spread out in a row but nearly everyone stood and smoked while chatting with friends. Much of the crowd were middle-aged biker types with long beards and black leather jackets along with a few wastoid degenerate punker types decked out with spiked Mohawk's and battle vests scattered throughout. Ian scanned the smoker's pit for familiar faces from his high-school but saw none. Only the cold judgmental eyes of strangers stared back at him. Ian averted his gaze from the strangers, suddenly feeling a bit self-conscious in this environment. He sheepishly and nervously followed the gentle guiding touch of his new unlikely acquaintance. She led him to a figure that was equally intimidating albeit in a different manner and impressive who stood by a chain-link fence with his back braced against a mild nocturnal wind. Before him stood an imposing man with truly blessed genetics and an intrepid countenance, the man pulled deeply on a Djarum black clove cigarette that rested between thin lips pregnant with mischievous mirth. He had the stance and bearing of an experienced soldier or at least how Ian imagined a combat veteran would carry himself. His posture seemed to denote a supreme confidence and discipline. The black-clad militant man of mystery wore dark oval-framed sunglasses and atop his head was a form-fitted black beret adorned with an infernal insignia. A molten-hot pitchfork labeled with the 666 Mark of the Beast. Wisps of smoke wafted and dissipated in front of his stony visage as his frozen gaze seemed to focus on the little Raven before him. His strong sharp chin and masculine jawline marked him as the leonine product of quality seed. He cut a dashing

picture with his statuesque broad-shouldered physique carved from ivory flesh and dense muscle. He wore form-fitting woodland camouflage TRIP pants that had bondage straps in the back which formed a tight X at the back of his legs. A skintight black turtleneck barely concealed a masculine protruding Adam's apple. On the left breast of the skintight black garment was another curious coat of arms. A circle of piercing white light with a silver star placed in the center. Above the circle of light were two uppercase letters. LC.

"Ludwig, I think I have found fresh meat for our demented little clan! Meet Ian the brave gentleman who saved me from being crushed to death in a sweaty and gross mosh pit" Raven said excitedly, raising her tiny voice to be heard over the vulgar din that surrounded them.

"Ah, my dear little Raven you've always had a natural gift for serendipitous harvests. She has a charming penchant for being swallowed by ugly pitfalls only to be embraced by a bed of treasure and roses in the end. Somehow simultaneously having the best of luck and the foulest of luck is her perpetual lot in life. The Abraxas of luck you could say. Can't decide whether I envy you or pity you darling!" Ludwig said before drawing on his clove once more which crackled and withered under the pull.

Raven let go of Ian's arm and stood atop Ludwig's tightly laced Vietnam-Era jungle boots before standing on her tiptoes to grant him an odd token of her affection. Instead of receiving a simple kiss on the cheek he got a slow and slithering wet tongue up the back of his right ear. While receiving this erotic ministrations Ludwig reached his right hand under Raven's short skirt and gave her right buttock a hearty squeeze. Ian caught a lovely glance of her nude behind only veiled by a flimsy black lace thong and her fishnet stockings. Ian felt a twinge of jealousy as if somehow he was entitled to Raven's love and affection after meeting her merely minutes ago. He quickly recognized the absurdity of this notion and attempted to smother it but sadly for him, the illogical feeling stubbornly remained. Raven let out a squeal of delight from the lewd embrace

and then stepped off to the side.

“It’s an honor to meet you Ian and I must thank you profusely for saving our little sex kitten here. She is constantly getting herself into all sorts of trouble and I can’t be her guardian angel all the time now can I? So if it wasn’t for good Samaritans like you I imagine she would have been reduced to rotting road kill already and I believe the majority of her nine lives have been extinguished by now” Ludwig said reaching out a gloved hand to shake Ian’s.

Ian shook his outstretched gloved hand and made sure to put a respectable grip on the handshake. First impressions are everything and this was a circle he wished to be respected in.

“Not a problem at all. A few scrapes and bruises to save a gorgeous lady is worth it to me. Felt a natural duty I suppose to defend the fairer sex” Ian said. Ludwig emitted a sickened sound from his throat as if he was about to double-over and vomit into the dusty gravel below.

“That type of gynocentric romantic chivalry makes me want to puke. To put that much weight into an accursed woman is beyond preposterous. A funeral rite prepared for a maggot would be less of a joke” Ludwig said in a forceful and humorless manner.

Ian’s pulse quickened and his brow began to perspire with shame and embarrassment. Ludwig stared him down with a grim look of caustic judgment for a few dreadful moments before stepping forth with an impish shit-eating grin painted across his face and slapping Ian on the back in a comradely fashion before bellowing out in animated laughter.

“ Relax my Blood Brother! I am simply giving you a hard time my friend! Although I am a proud and staunch misogynist and a seasoned male chauvinist pig, sweet Raven here is special to me. So much so that you being her recent benefactor automatically wins you a high rank in my cold dead heart. Your enemies are now my enemies Ian Galahad. Our earthly destinies are now intertwined on the same united road leading ever downward into the resplendent

underworld, whether you like it or not! Events that shape our lives are like astral spider webs drawing us into an unseen singularity.” Ludwig said in a brightly animated reverie.

Ian was taken aback by the convoluted theatrical monologue that seemed mightily melodramatic but also positively charismatic and stimulating to his pride and ego. Suddenly a man stepped forth out of a crowd of people he was conversing with. He was holding a tall plastic cup which seemed to contain raspberry vodka on the rocks. He was eagerly slurping it up through a thin black straw. This man positioned himself next to Ludwig and he seemed to be his spitting image, a positively haunting doppelganger. The identical resemblance was so thoroughly complete down to matching crescent moon birthmarks at one corner of their mouths, that it was extremely creepy and gave Ian the chills. The newcomer was also dressed identically to his twin brother except he had no dark shades concealing his eyes. Ian noted that this man had the same unique eyes that little Raven possessed, diluted murky emeralds for irises. Before Ian could formulate a clever response to Ludwig’s withering but playful jest an unsuspected altercation arose. A group of Hell’s Angel outlaw biker types entered into the smoker’s pit and as they walked past the wooden benches a few of them decided to stop and mock Ludwig’s doppelganger for his thin eyeliner and style of dress, an obvious attempt to appear tough in front of his friends and garner some type of macho favor in their biker hierarchy. This seemed to be the only possible objective in Ian’s mind. The shaved head, grey bearded biker who instigated the mockery and issued the insult to Ludwig’s doppelganger was an exceedingly large man at around 6’5 and three hundred pounds. He had the unsightly appearance of a partially shaved sasquatch and he smelled like one too.

“Nice mascara faggot!” he shouted gruffly before flicking his lit cigarette butt at Ludwig’s identical twin. The cigarette butt bounced off of his chest and some of the sparks exploded in his face, temporarily blinding him. He put his balled fists

to his eyes rubbing out the dirty heat and irritation. Ludwig stepped forward and shifting into a side stance one of his legs shot forward like a devastating piston being powered by a steam engine. His devastating kick made meaty purchase on the bikers protruding midsection, his jungle boot colliding into his large stomach with extreme force. The lightning quick brutal kick caused the biker to double-over in pain and quickly sucked all the oxygen from his burning lungs. Ludwig laced his hard-knuckled gloved fingers together and raised his clasped hands together bringing them down like a pummeling mace on the back of the burly bikers head. Immediately after the pummeling of his skull Ludwig brought his right knee up against the bikers face. A handful of splintered and fractured teeth ricocheted off the concrete and gravel beneath and the biker collapsed on the ground in a wounded state of total unconsciousness. A few audible gasps could be heard from the audience of the fight in the smoker's pit followed by some nervous canned laughter. A pool of dark blood began to form around the split lips and busted mouth of the beaten biker, staining his wiry grey beard with crimson. The fallen and defeated biker's friends were boiling red with anger and began to step forth to attack to avenge their battered friend. Ludwig reached into a pocket with a hand as quick as lightning and then with a click of a silver button flicked open a gleaming Italian switchblade which he held forth in grim warning to his foes. His doppelganger beside him wielded a shiny pair of spiked brass knuckles on his right fist and raised them ready to strike and to rip and tear into flesh and tendons. At the display of these gruesome weapons the biker's three friends whispered among themselves in apprehension and then seemed to wisely reconsider their course of action.

"This ain't over pal you messed with the wrong people. We run this damn town!" One of the hostile biker's said.

"I agree it ain't over until you buy me dinner bitch!" Ludwig retorted and then followed it with an inhuman Draculean type laugh that made Ian's blood run cold in his veins. The bikers seemed to consider a response but one of them just

made a dismissive gesture towards Ludwig and they ended the conflict, at least for that night.

The disgruntled biker's turned around and began to leave the smoker's pit, cursing and shoving a few unsuspecting scrawny metal heads to the ground in anger as they left. Surprisingly they left their bleeding biker friend face down in the dirt instead of retrieving him and reviving him. Ian had always supposed that there was more steadfast loyalty in outlaw biker gangs. Maybe this was his punishment for losing the fight and embarrassing them.

Ludwig knelt down to observe his pathetic victim. He grabbed the biker's broad shoulders and turned the meaty barrel-chested douchebag onto his back. Ludwig then put out his clove cigarette which was now a black stump in the biker's beard. Part of the biker's grey wiry beard bent and withered at the contact of the ember and the putrid smell of the burning hair was stomach turning and awful.

Ludwig then shoved the tar-infused clove butt far up one of the unconscious biker's nostrils and lodged the foul gift deep into the disgusting orifice.

"Enjoy the gift upon your painful awakening you dumb cocksucker. If I ever see you again I will decapitate you and mount your fucking ugly head above my fireplace. I have a soft spot for animals. I prefer to poach humans. That's not a threat it's a promise" Ludwig said in a solemn and monotone fashion which was barely above a whisper.

"With all due respect my Blood Brother I don't think Biker Bubba can hear you" Ludwig's twin said before laughing with delight at his own joke.

"No, trust me Blood Brother" Ludwig promised, "It registers on a subconscious level"

"Well you know I can never argue with you Ludwig. You are the undisputed genius of the family"

"Yeah, so smart he is insufferably annoying" Raven chimed in with playful attitude.

Ludwig looked around at the stunned audience of the brutal brawl of the

smoker's pit and realized a few worried looking women had their precious cellphones in hand and he knew what that meant. The bar would most likely be crawling with police soon looking to interrogate all involved with the disturbance and he felt himself and his kin above pleading to mundane officers of the law that he was purely acting in self-defense. One of the many tragedies of modern society, that a simple fist fight between feuding men was seen as a criminal offense worthy of jail time, when in reality individual men solving conflict with fists was a constructive force, a necessary activity for the acquisition of true justice.

"Well Ian please tell me you are an expert fence climber because I do not wish our conversation to be over tonight. Especially being cut short by these loathsome profligates, I wouldn't want to give them the pleasure." Ludwig said. "I'm fairly good at scaling fences yeah" Ian said affirmatively.

"Great to hear" Ludwig said. "But now it is time to prove it. Try to keep up my new friend and take care not to impale yourself" Ludwig challenged.

Him and his brother and little Raven trotted to the far side of the smoker's pit and quickly and expertly scaled the ten foot chain-link fence and were able to toss themselves over the hazardous obstruction without being cut or torn by the protruding spikes and barbed wire at the top. The display was impressive and it made them appear as highly athletic and skilled carnival acrobats. Ian followed his enigmatic new acquaintances over the fence and in doing so accidentally made confetti out of the bottom of his shirt, he quietly lamented this fact but at least he wasn't wounded in the process. He landed squarely on his feet and the impact of his controlled fall echoed throughout the parking lot. The flashing of police lights became visible in the distance and the small group took off running, not in an uncontrolled panic but with enough calm and concentrated speed to effectively flee the scene of the brawl. They jogged through a deserted strip mall and past multiple shuttered pawn shops and liquor stores. Once they were finished with their dash Ian's lungs were burning and some mucus and bile had

formed in his throbbing throat. The run had physically drained him to a certain extent but Ludwig and his twin brother seemed to be totally unaffected by the exertion. Ludwig leaned back against a tall streetlamp. The artificial mustard glow was swarming with fluttering moths and gnats. Ludwig's face was soon masked with flying insects, his head framed by a swarming insect halo. He didn't seem to be bothered by this fact and an uncanny smile was pasted to his face as he stared out into the eerie liminal space of sodium glaring sidewalks and parking lots beyond.

"I don't think I've had the pleasure yet of introducing myself" Ludwig's brother said while reaching out his hand to Ian, "My name is Bach or at least that alias will do for now"

"Nice to meet you" Ian said grabbing hold of his hand for a moment and giving it a few short pumps.

Ludwig broke free of his private reverie and ungloved a hand to pick a few pesky gnats out of his sterling mechanical grille. Those polished industrial strength dentures looked as though they could make quick work of a pair of lobster claws. He then pulled a sleek and professional black business card out of his pocket and handed it to Ian.

"I suppose this has been enough adventure for one night my friend. I wouldn't want to over- stimulate the senses" Ludwig said.

"Don't worry about that" Ian said glancing at the face of his digital watch which read one-thirty PM, "After all the night is still young"

"Now that is an attitude I can appreciate young man, always more time and creative ways to damn the soul" Ludwig said with a sly smirk, "But I'm afraid currently there are other important matters that need to be attended to so this is goodbye for now, maybe someday you will work up the courage to visit us at our home-world though"

"How would I go about doing that?" Ian asked eagerly.

"You have all the information you need" Ludwig promised, pointing at the

business card in Ian's hand.

With that the twins turned their backs and disappeared through a trash-strewn back alley.

Raven rested her delicate hands on Ian's shoulders and stood on her tiptoes to give him a small peck on the cheek, transferring some sticky lip gloss onto his face in the process. He wasn't going to complain about that fact.

"See you again hero" She said like an erotic promise.

Ian valiantly fought against a dopey smile forming on his face but failed miserably in this aim. A series of frantic howls and whistles carried throughout the still night, calls to their wayward sister without a doubt and she rushed to meet them in response. Ian now left alone with his thoughts stared up into the massive sky above and admired the piercing silver pinpoints hidden behind wisps of fog. He took his sweet time walking home and kicked around sticks and cans in the road as his stimulated mind and teased imagination pondered the sprawling possibilities of what his future held. A suffocating routine and boring life had now just been unexpectedly punctured by a promising portal to the extraordinary.



Buer



Foras



fureas



Maat



Volac



Alloces



Shax



Bune



Balam







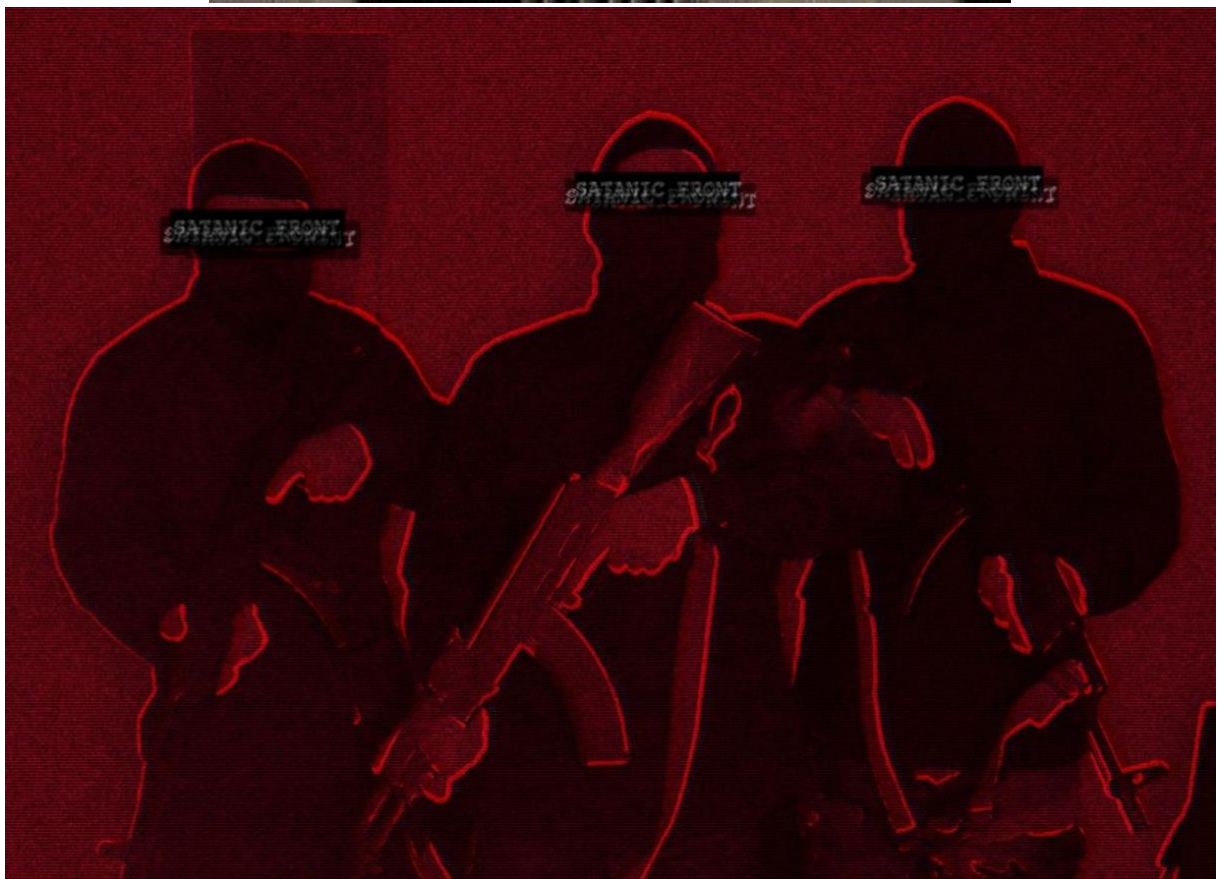
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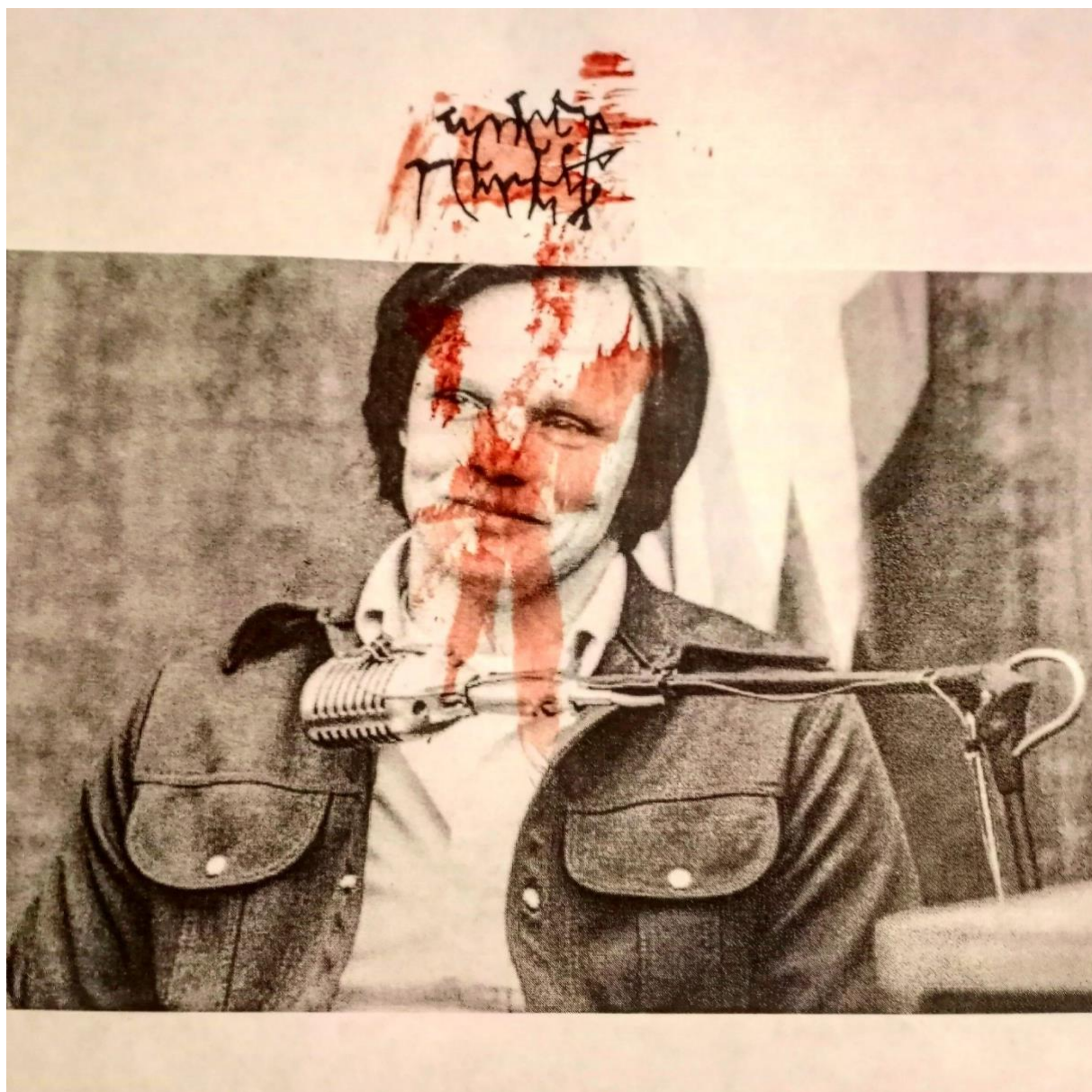
















HAND OF DEATH



MURDER MURDER MURDER



SATAN
WANTS YOU
TO EAT
THE
BABIES

NINE AND RARE



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